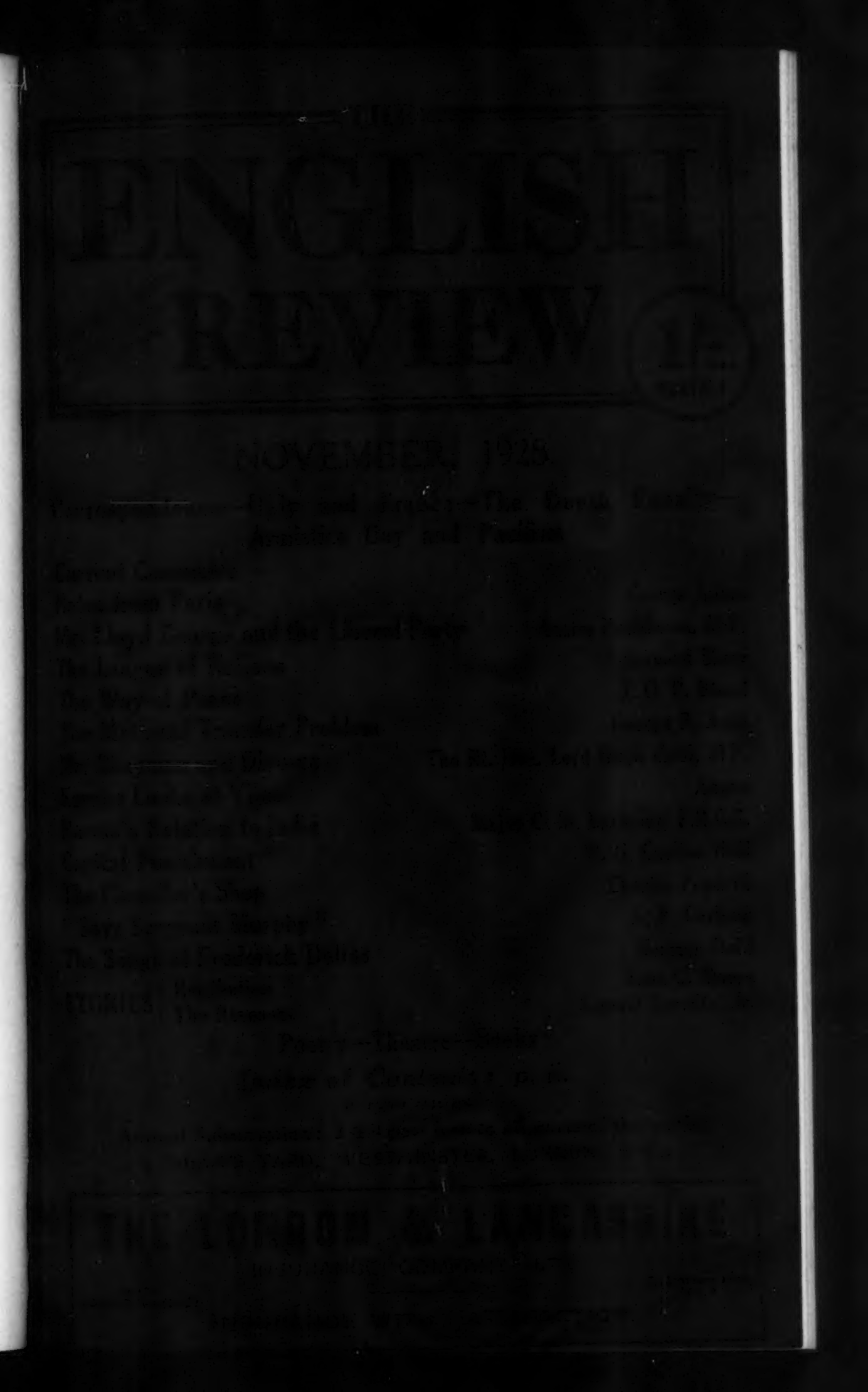

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
NOVEMBER, 1928

Current Comments

HUMAN destinies are determined always by facts, never by aspirations. By their acts, not by their Pacts, must nations be judged. The voice of the peace-monger resounds today over two continents, to a never-ceasing accompaniment of treaties and undertakings, but we are drifting toward war. How easy it would be if we could simply scrap our armaments, sign a few more pacts, and preserve that peace which is the only serious political interest of all decent and Christian men. Instead, we must do our duty, and face naked facts. We are approaching the tenth anniversary of the Armistice, and of a genuine and lasting peace there are no signs. The practice of open diplomacy and the august patronage bestowed on international intercourse by the League of Nations and Mr. Kellogg have created an atmosphere of open and public suspicion more alarming even than in the years immediately preceding 1914. Apostles of the new methods can ingeminate peace as much as they like, but they cannot shirk their terrible responsibility before the bar of history for the disastrous practical consequences of their ten years' experiment. They told us ten years ago with the unqualified assurance of inexperience that they would find a way of ensuring themselves and their children against the horrors of another war. Do these men realize today the disastrous measure of their failure? For how long are they going to ask us to pile Pelion on Ossa, to add treaties to covenants, pacts to treaties, and engagements to pacts—in plain English, how long are they going on asking us to spin more words without having the elementary sense to look round and see the sinister results of their precocious follies? It is time that this folly ceased. Let us look at Europe today and we shall see why.

Folly in Our Time

TEN years ago the Central Empires, which pursued with a fatal diligence the philosophy of force, were beaten to their knees. Europe was dominated by a coalition of peoples fundamentally peace-loving. Russia, the black sheep of the victorious Allies, had gone down in defeat.

Europe after Ten Years of Peace Talk

England, France, and America dominated the scene. Here was a chance, it seemed, for a new start; for here, we assumed, were three nations each content with their place under the sun. Today, what do we see? America, arch-organizer of peace, has exacted a heavy tribute from Europe which she is using to finance a vast programme of naval and military expenditure. Having increased her army and navy, she comes to Europe to preach disarmament—not to Russia, which maintains millions of men under arms; not to Italy, which pursues with almost devastating candour an openly aggressive nationalism; not to the Balkans, where there is no more sign of peace today than in 1912; but to France and England and Poland: to France, who can see the Italian army openly manœuvring along her frontier but who is yet reducing her own army by two-thirds; to Poland, already once invaded by Russia; to England, who has surrendered voluntarily the two-power naval standard. Leagues, covenants, pacts and disarmament conferences have become the diplomatic weapons of the new *Real-Politik* as pursued by at least three great Powers. The chief abettors of the campaign, watched with cynical amusement by the armed nations of southern and eastern Europe, have been the so-called progressive press and the intelligentsia in this country. If they are satisfied with their handiwork, they are either fools or knaves. Europe is drifting toward war because certain European pressmen and statesmen refuse to face facts. Let us state the facts plainly. It is not yet too late.

Four Facts

THE first fact is, as Mr. J. O. P. Bland points out in his article in this issue, that you can have national sovereignty or a supernational sovereign authority, but you cannot have, as we pretend to have, a supernational power without either sovereignty by right or authority based on force. The League, in plain English, is merely an international post office, and as constituted can never be anything else. The second fact is that the scale of armaments is a matter for each nation. Armaments are not the weapon of the strong but the refuge of the weak; negotiations about armaments mean, in the long run, a scaling up, not a scaling down. The nation which accepts a maximum

armament is sacrificing its freedom of action and must place that maximum high, and the maximum becomes the minimum. The third fact is that every pact which is propounded widens the danger area and adds to the risks of war. The fourth is that open diplomacy is a fraud, not only because it places nations at the mercy of formulæ, which mean one thing and appear to mean something else, but mainly because it prevents plain speaking between nations. Burke said truly that you cannot indict a whole nation, but you could not practise open diplomacy honestly without doing so. Lord X. can say "no" to Count Y., but Ruritania cannot say "no" to Cisalpania. A world, however, where the direct negative cannot be employed is a world where the trickster will flourish and honest man will be fleeced. There is only one reason why I do not speak more plainly, and that reason is the justification of my argument. To speak the truth openly to other nations is to endanger peace. There is only one thing which endangers it further, and that is never to speak it at all. That way lies irretrievable disaster.

The Naval Pact and its Lesson

THE recent happenings in connection with naval disarmament should make some of the facts above mentioned clear even to the dullest. The American reply to the Anglo-French proposal was friendly and to the point. It did not hint but almost said that the object of their Geneva proposal for the limitation of *all* cruisers of less than 10,000 tons by fixing the aggregate cruiser tonnage, was to neutralize the advantage we enjoyed owing to our superiority in mercantile tonnage by securing for themselves an advantage in larger cruisers. The alternative open to us under the American proposal, was, of course, to reduce our light cruisers to a number insufficient to secure our trade routes, which for an island nation incapable of feeding itself was manifestly impossible. But in what way was it, or could it be, any more possible for us to acquiesce in the superiority of another naval power in fighting ships? It is an elementary fact, only forgotten by one or two British newspapers, that, as far as fighting ships are concerned, parity at sea *must* be by classes and not by aggregates. Two 4,500-ton cruisers

with light armaments are not merely not equal to, but *cannot engage*, one 9,000-ton cruiser with 8-in. guns. They may run away, but if they do not, or for geographical reasons cannot, they will come under, and be sunk by, the enemy fire before they can themselves fire a shot. This was what happened in turn to the British and German fleets at the two Battles of the Falkland Islands. The American Note turning down the British proposal for a limitation of cruisers with heavy armament on the basis of parity, and for unlimited light cruisers, makes it clear that what is animating the American statesmen is the desire to achieve one way or another, preferably by skilful diplomacy—the position of the principal naval power. It is not an unworthy ambition; it is not one which need, if achieved, lead to war, but it is one which must be pursued openly, if good feeling is to be maintained. In all fairness be it said, the American Note was as plain as a pikestaff. It is only in the British press that the facts have been misrepresented.

The Danger of Open Diplomacy

ANOTHER of the facts usefully stressed by these abortive negotiations is the fallacy of "open diplomacy" as an aid to good feeling. The points at issue in this case were technical. When the terms of the Franco-British proposal became known to the public, they were gravely misunderstood, and if they had been made known, as the British press professed to wish, on the day that they were formulated, they would still have been misunderstood. That the proposals should never have been made is, however, arguable. The appearance of a bargain struck between two parties to a five-Power conference was certainly unfortunate, and on this point I agree with the critics, merely pointing out that we have a perfect right to take what view we like of the equally difficult problem of military disarmament; and that the idea common in Fleet Street that any and every reduction of armaments reduces the risks of war is mere folly. It is, in fact, just as foolish as to suppose that you can ensure peace by the reverse process of piling up armaments. Peace depends not on the will for peace of the Great Powers, but on their willingness not to use their wealth and influence to secure advantages for themselves at the

expense of less fortunate nations, and, in the absence of such willingness, on the possession of adequate armaments by smaller Powers. To give one obvious instance. Disarmament applied to Russia would help the cause of peace; disarmament applied to Poland before it was applied to Russia would increase the risks of another Russo-Polish war. For the press to educate the public to think in generalities and to ignore simple facts is to postpone indefinitely the date when open diplomacy can be safely indulged in.

The Evolution of a False Philosophy

MR. GALSWORTHY has addressed a powerful plea for sympathy for the miners. Every right-minded person will agree with him when he says that the tragic situation in many mining villages calls for urgent attention and for the personal assistance of those in a position to give it. But I trust that no one will accept his too complacent assumption that the desperate condition of the coal industry is due to "an evolutionary process." It is due to human folly and to nothing else in the world; and it is impossible not to regret that Mr. Galsworthy, in his anxiety to adorn his tale, failed to point the moral. No one who has studied the amazing results of the reorganization of the Ruhr coal, coke, iron and steel industries can possibly acquit British industrialists of lethargy bordering on positive inefficiency; but the real blame lies neither on them nor on the miners, but on successive Governments. It is the Government which has faught the miners to look to Government for assistance, and which has killed the initiative of the owners by taking away from them for prolonged periods the power and duty of putting their house in order. If the present plight of the industry is to be complacently accepted in the press and on the platform as "an evolutionary process," there is no hope for British industry. The situation is not hopeless. Four years ago conditions in the Ruhr were nearly as bad as they are in the North of England, and in South Wales today. But the facts have to be understood, else the next election will see the extension to other industries of the same fatal policy of dependence which has brought the coal industry to its present plight.

THE conferences of the Conservative, Liberal, and Labour Parties have not added anything to our knowledge of the intentions of the three parties. The Labour programme—embodied in the threepenny pamphlet, "Labour and the Nation"—has been formally approved, and Mr. Lansbury's adhesion to the official majority of the Labour Party must remove any lingering doubts as to the sincerity of Mr. MacDonald's Socialism. Mr. Baldwin remains firm for more safeguarding at a later date and after due inquiry, but will do nothing rash; and Mr. Lloyd George remains hopeful of another Coalition, though he is obviously nervous lest the prospect might send even Mr. Ramsay MacDonald into Mr. Baldwin's arms. He evidently realizes that there are still men who, in the face of national danger, will sink party differences. He finds the thought distasteful. Meanwhile, and opportunely, Lord Morley's "Memorandum on Resignation" lifts the veil a little more on the character and ideals of the man who won the war, and intending voters will no doubt read with appropriate interest his pained exclamation on being told by Lord Morley himself of his resignation, "But if you go, it will put those of us (i.e. the peace at any price party) who don't go in a great hole." What generosity of sentiment, what ardent patriotism, what noble imagery!

Party Conferences

THE British Institute of Adult Education and the B.B.C. resolved at a meeting at York last month to co-operate. I was glad to see a strong attack by the Archbishop-designate of Canterbury on University degrees as a criterion of education; but I fear that, compared with anything that can be dispensed from the platform or the microphone, even Oxford's curriculum is relatively satisfactory.

Wanted, a Little Prejudice

The object of education is not to impart information but to teach a sense of values, to teach people, in other words, to judge for themselves. The limiting factor is not only the supply of teachers but the restrictions of official control.

A nation which takes its judgment and its values ready made is not educated and quickly comes to despise education, yet the State curriculum must be standardized. So must the B.B.C. curriculum. It is already almost maddeningly broad-minded, tolerant, and moderate. The

distribution of mugwump opinion, however, does not even breed mugwumps: it breeds a generation like our own which, in the absence of any training in forming sound judgments, rushes to extremes. A good Marxian lecturer would manufacture Conservatives by the score because he would make people think, but the neutral B.B.C. " talker " only drives our rulers to the cinemas.

Why Do They Do It?

THE Tavistock election is not a pleasing commentary on our political sagacity. It may be amusing enough for the Conservative Central Office to realize that they have a sporting chance of getting back with something like a clear majority while polling a substantial minority of votes, but to less interested observers Tavistock is disquieting. The close division between Liberals and Conservatives suggests a complete absence in the electorate of any sense of political realities.

It means not that there is or will be a Liberal revival, but that Mr. Lloyd George remains, in despite of all, the leader of a quarter of England. As far as the future is concerned, it would be better, I honestly think, if that position were held by Mr. Maxton or Mr. Cook. Ideas can be challenged. With what remains to us of historical tradition, of beneficent institutions, and of respect for inherited gifts of leadership, it is at least possible that, so long as everybody is thinking hard, false ideas will take no deep roots. But with an electorate that is voting for labels or individuals anything may happen.

If Mr. Lloyd George stood for any single principle, one could sympathize with his supporters because the principle would, if necessary, be thrown overboard within ten minutes of the formation of a " liberal" Government, but one would regard their indubitable numbers with tolerance. As it is, I confess to a feeling of futile irritation.

What do these people expect? What do they want? How can you reason with people who mistake a chameleon for a statesman, or " the man who lost the peace " for the man who won the war?

Public and Private Morals

THE release by the Customs authorities of " The Well of Loneliness " will rejoice Mr. H. G. Wells and the *Daily Herald*, though it now appears to be only temporary. The book is finely written and sincere, but the questions involved in its

withdrawal and its present reinstatement go far beyond the field of literary criticism. A plea for "sympathy" with immorality may sound noble, but in effect it is a plea for immorality. Morality can never be enforced by law, against human instincts. The moral code of a nation depends, in other words, not on the law, but on the ordinary instincts of ordinary people. There are societies which tolerate drunkenness, promiscuity, and perversion. There are others where these things entail social ostracism. The difference between the first group of societies and the second is the difference between a low and a high order of civilization, as judged by the standards of Western European culture. In other words, the existence of "sympathy" for vice is the sign of declining or primitive, not of progressive and enlightened, societies. For the mitigation or even the abolition of legal penalties for personal misdemeanours many cogent arguments can be adduced. For social sympathy with people guilty of offensive practices I can see no shadow of a case, unless the object is to change our moral code and the whole structure of society which is built up round and depends on that code. And if that is the object, it is arguable that it is a worthy one, but not for a moment arguable that our present society is not entitled to defend itself against an attack on its very foundations.

More Air Nonsense

THE perilous antics of the *Graf Zeppelin* flying the Atlantic add yet another chapter to the tragi-comedy of civil aviation. Happily the flight ended in nothing worse than a general loss of temper, but the expressions of "astonishment," "amazement," and so on at the difficulty of the airship in making headway against contrary winds were simply ridiculous. An airship's speed against a head wind is her speed in a dead calm *less* the speed of the wind. Any schoolboy capable of simple subtraction could have given her speed at any point in her journey, once he had the data presumably in the possession of the "air experts" whose surprise was so intense. The same schoolboy can also calculate what would have happened had the winds been a trifle stronger, or had they prevailed for the entire duration of the flight. The airship would have run out of fuel, got out of control, and been lost. Unhappily,

no one will believe it until yet more lives have been lost. Meanwhile our Air Ministry is complacently spending millions on its airships.

"I Don't Care Where the Water Goes"

A CORRESPONDENT has sent me cuttings from five successive issues of a Seattle newspaper giving particulars of one murder, one suspected murder, one suicide, three convictions for drunkenness while driving a car and three raids on bootleggers, etc. These cases were all in the locality. Meanwhile the Liberal Party has included local option in its programme on the ground that "the people" have the "right" to decide whether drink shall be retailed in the area in which they live. This means, of course, the right of people who don't want to drink alcoholic liquors to forbid other people who like drinking them to do so. It also means the "right" of these fanatical tea and cocoa drinkers to debase the whole moral standards of their community in the interests of their own fads. The public, we hope, will refuse to recognize the right of any Englishman to interfere with the equal rights of any other Englishman. The law provides already for the protection of society against drunkards. With that protection the "rights" of teetotallers as such begin and end. The Legislature can confer further legal rights, but they will have no moral sanction, and with the divorce between legal and moral right will come the wholesale flouting of authority and the growth of lawlessness and excess which have marked the prohibition experiment in America.

Freedom of Speech

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI has defined to the directors of the Fascist Press the function of journalists under his regime as that of members of an orchestra who must, in the interests of harmony, all play the same note. It is rather an unhappy metaphor, because, at any rate in the best orchestras, the duty of the musicians is confined to playing the same note at the same time, not to playing the same note all the time. But the Duce's address is interesting as a frank denial of the right of the Press to criticise the fundamental assumptions of the Fascist regime.

This "right" is, as a matter of fact, one which no government can ever concede, and, if people were equally

frank in this country, current discussions on the censorship of books would be less difficult. The Press in this country can say what it likes on politics, only because government by discussion is a fundamental of our constitution. It is not free to advocate mutiny or rebellion, because the duties of soldiers and the loyalties of civilians to the Crown are equally fundamental to our conception of the State.

Members of the intelligentsia who claim the right to challenge these and other fundamentals in their books cannot appeal to the constitution which they are attacking. The freedom of the Press is, in plain fact, no more possible here than in Italy without the acceptance by writers of the " obligations " of that citizenship from which they derive their " rights." The " obligations " of British citizenship may be less exacting, but they exist and cannot be shirked.

Twentieth Century Inquisitors

THE Danish Government have introduced a Bill to the Danish Parliament for " the sterilization of persons dangerous to the public safety." There are people in this country who, in the name of science, are advocating the same persecution. True, our English inquisitors content themselves with sitting in judgment on people whom they class mentally deficient, but the public are wrong in imagining that this is merely a " highbrow " term for a lunatic. Let them be under no misapprehension.

A mental defective is a man *who because of the quality of his intelligence cannot be certified as a lunatic.* The first stage in the setting up of the new inquisition will be the building of " homes " or " institutions." The second stage will be the congenial task of filling these prison camps with English citizens. The third stage will be to maim them for life; other comment is unnecessary.

But who will select the deficients? Is a Committee of the B.M.A. to sit in judgment on the intelligentsia, or are the Sitwells to pass sentence on Kensington and Scarborough? It would be a pleasing revenge, but hardly one which Scarborough would enjoy.

Naturally, the only sensible suggestion, that people without a certain minimum of proved intelligence should not be allowed to vote, has not been made by any enlightened person.

D. J.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

Mr. Churchill and the Dawes Plan. — Winston Churchill's surprise visit to Paris and his discussions with M. Poincaré on the subject of the Dawes plan have singularly added to the setback experienced by French Radicals. They know full well that just as Poincaré was necessary for the salvage of the franc, so his presence will inspire confidence in the big banking circles of the world which will eventually have to finance not only the scaling down of German reparations to a sensible figure, but also any settlement of the thorny question of American and inter-allied debts.

Just as the American Babbitt rages furiously at the idea that he has to pay for Europe's wars, so does M. Dupont object to the notion of America getting away with all the honour and profit of war. Financiers of international experience know full well that if the American debt question were left to them, a solution would very quickly be found. Some politicians know that also; but is there one who, on the eve of a general election in Great Britain, with a Coalition Government in France, and a Presidential campaign closing in the United States, would dare to come out with that hard truth?

All sober and solid interests in France—and they preponderate throughout the country—know that in these matters Poincaré is the only man who is going to be trusted to carry out as a practical administrator what he may promise as a politician.

All French Ministries live from hand to mouth and are liable to slip up on a bit of political orange peel in the Chamber at any ordinary moment, but not when such important money matters are in the balance. Any opposition which attempted at the present moment to bring Poincaré down on a question of Church and State—a question which, for the moment, is a bit of political stage property—would find itself swamped by one of those rare manifestations of public opinion which make history in France.

It is a risk that no party can afford, and Poincaré will have his chance—the chance he asked for—of putting not only the internal, but also the external, finances of his country upon a solid basis. Finance is secretive and

dramatic, and it is foolish to expect, as some folk apparently do, that by January all the financial problems of the world will have been settled and the American capitalist invasion of Europe will have become complete.

Winter Excitements.—Paris is slowly getting into its winter stride, and the majority of her inhabitants has survived yet another motor show. We are now faced with a heavy programme by the new Paris Symphonic Orchestra, which is a most ambitious venture. No fewer than eighty concerts will be given this season, and at nearly every one some musical novelty will be produced. The conductors will be MM. Anserment, Cortot, and Forestier, and the eighty members of the orchestra rehearse three hours a week. A new work by Honegger, an impression of Rugby football, was a feature of the opening concert. At the Conservatoire, Pasdeloup, Lamoureux, and Colonne organizations are also in the field, harmony of the most varied nature should prevail throughout the winter; but, alas! Parliament also is meeting, and the orchestral scrums at the Palais Bourbon are likely to be even more violent than those of Honegger's Rugby, for the old opposition, in spite of unfavourable omens, is preparing to revive the familiar anticlerical fight in an attempt to free itself from the thraldom of M. Poincaré's tyranny of coalition.

Anticlerical Fervour.—Neither expediency nor history justifies the false fury they have whipped themselves into over Articles 70 and 71 of the Finance Law, which recognizes the right of church bodies to property in France that has not already been dealt with under the Separation Law, and authorizes the return to France of those missionary units which have done so much in the past to extend and strengthen French influence in Asia and in Africa. The situation was in many ways ridiculous. While an officially anticlerical Republic refused to allow missionaries to be recruited and trained in France, it at the same time claimed its traditional right of protecting Catholic interests in Africa and Asia.

The Church and Medicine.—The expulsion of the missionary houses from France has naturally brought about a falling off in the number of Frenchmen in the medical school and religious missions through which

France maintained her prestige, and the personnel of recent years has become increasingly Italian and German. The dangers of this state of affairs have long been recognized, even by those parties which are now seeking to set the followers of M. Herriot in the Cabinet against those of M. Poincaré. Their efforts so far have not met with any great success, but as reason is the first thing to fly out of the window in a politico-religious controversy, they will doubtless renew their efforts. Public opinion remains quite undisturbed by the question, and would be glad if, thanks to such a concession, the priests of Alsace and Lorraine concerned in autonomist activity were called to order. The Cantonal elections of September have conclusively shown that M. Poincaré's policy of firm moderation still has the approval of the country.

Cosas d'España.—George Borrow gave the world a picture of the splendid incoherent consistency of Spain, which is largely true of the country today. Thanks to Colonel Sosthenes Behn and our other American conquerors, King Alfonso can telephone to New York in a few seconds, but it still takes Malaga several days to hear of a *coup d'état* in Barcelona. Madrid has the most magnificent wedding-cake in Europe as a telegraph office, but whenever I have wanted to send a message through it I have discovered that the censorship is even more magnificently efficient. Madrid has the dial telephone system, a modern underground railway, and no public opinion save that which manifests itself in a military *pronunciamiento* engineered by the officers' corps or a few indolently determined Generals. General Primo wants to give the Spaniards a referendum and a constitution. An American of my acquaintance wants them to give up their *helado* in favour of real Philadelphian ice-cream prepared by a special patent process. They will both probably have to provide a popular Press before the referendum, the constitution, or the ice-cream can become "real." There is a story, probably maliciously untrue, to the effect that during the first Primo referendum, held on a Sunday during the height of the season, tickets to the bull-fights throughout the country could only be obtained by those who signed or made their marks on the registers as being in favour of the Dictator.

Mr. Lloyd George and the Liberal Party Conference

By Austin Hopkinson, M.P.

[Regular readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW will not need to be reminded that signed articles are sometimes published which are not in accord with its policy. Mr. Austin Hopkinson, nominally an Independent, is, in fact, in certain respects more conservative than many titular Conservatives. As a Free Trade Diehard, however, we think he exaggerates the demand for safe-guarding into a plot to secure wholesale Protection. We agree that general Protection is inseparable from corruption. Its universal adoption by other countries, in complete disregard of all the confident predictions of Cobden, has, however, placed our industries at a disadvantage which under post-war conditions has become insupportable. Of the merits of universal Free Trade, as a counsel of perfection in a perfect world, we are as convinced as Mr. Hopkinson; but its advantages to Great Britain in splendid isolation amidst almost universal tariffs are as doubtful as those of complete disarmament in the midst of armed enemies. Even as the command of force may render resort to it unnecessary, so it is undeniable that in a perverse world the only weapon by which we may hope to break down some of the tariff barriers against us is a tariff—and a good stiff one. The extra burdens imposed on our productive industry since the war are far heavier than those borne by our competitors, and without breathing the dread word Protection, it appears to us absurd not to transfer at least some part of our taxation to the foreigner who seeks our market. To refuse to do so while we continue to raise a great part of our revenue by a tariff upon many things we cannot produce ourselves at all seems merely pharisaical cant.—ED. E.R.]

THE speeches delivered at the Conservative and Liberal

THE LIBERAL PARTY CONFERENCE

Party Conferences have not, it must be confessed, added much to our knowledge of the political situation. At the former, as had been anticipated, Mr. Baldwin declined to commit political suicide by promising Protection to the steel industry. Some of the loud-speakers were turned on, as is customary at these annual meetings, but apparently have not been successful in their attempts to involve their leaders in a policy which everyone, except Sir Henry Page Croft and his intellectual peers, knows to be fatal to the hopes of the party. If no other evidence were available, the result of the by-election at Tavistock should surely open the eyes of Conservatives. For in that contest a strong candidate was elected by a very small majority—so small, indeed, that in the absence of the Socialist he would probably have been beaten at the polls. Two General Elections have shown how sensitive are the south-western counties to the fear of Protection, and the foolish talk of disloyal Conservative members of Parliament very nearly lost Tavistock. If any large industry is protected, the burden upon our agricultural population will become intolerable, not (as the pseudo-free-trade "Liberal" would say) because "their ploughs would cost them more," but because a large additional number of wage-earners would be placed on an artificially raised standard of living provided by the unprivileged workers out of their scanty wages. The heads of the Conservative Party are fully aware of the fact that, if they protect the steel industry, they lose the agricultural vote. They have doubtless also duly noted that a very great reduction of iron and steel imports during the last few months has not had the effect of stimulating home production, but rather the reverse.

Protection, like Socialism and like all other forms of inflation, is very attractive until it has been tried, and our little experiments of the last few years have made many congenital Protectionists think furiously. In the present House of Commons there are very few Conservatives, except the Forty Thieves, who can still contrive to advocate Protection and simultaneously to retain their reputation for intelligence among their colleagues.

So far, therefore, as it is possible to judge at present, the Conservative Party will face the General Election

unhampered by the folly which has wrecked it more than once in the past. There is on that account reasonable ground for hope that it may be given a working majority and thus be enabled to continue its heavy task of dragging the nation out of the slough of political corruption in which it has been immersed.

But it is wise to keep in mind that a Conservative majority is by no means assured, and that we may again be faced with the delicate situation which arises when no party has a Parliamentary majority. An appreciation of this possibility made many of us anticipate with unusually keen interest Mr. Lloyd George's speech to the Liberal Party Conference. But a careful perusal of the verbatim report of that oration leads me to believe that anyone who has watched the career of the politican in question could easily have written it down before it was delivered. For, in truth, the proprietor of the Liberal Party said exactly what we might have expected him to say.

Before we deal with his speech, however, let us draw attention to the amusing episode which took place at an earlier session of the Conference, when a strong body of delegates protested vigorously against the injustice of being required to pay for the buns and ginger-beer. They maintained—and it is difficult not to sympathize with them in this most reasonable view of the matter—that the man who bought the party ought to buy the buns. The principle involved is one of real interest, because some baronet or other might decide to purchase the Labour Party, and it is only right that he should know before signing the contract whether he will be expected to pay for the picnics or not.

Apparently the main object of Mr. Lloyd George's speech was to give the delegates the impression that no alliance with the Socialists could possibly be entertained, while at the same time he left himself free to enter into such an alliance if subsequently it should appear to be to his advantage to do so. His most definite disclaimer was this :—

> We shall decidedly and emphatically decline to admit the possibility of [? a repetition of] the experiment of 1924, which proved so disastrous.

To the unsophisticated reader that statement appears to mean that, in the event of no party having a Parliamentary majority, Mr. Lloyd George is pledged not to put the Socialists into office. But a little consideration will show that the statement really means something quite different. Note carefully that he only pledges himself not to repeat "the experiment of 1924," and then call to mind the exact nature of that experiment. In 1924 Mr. Asquith decided to let the Socialists take office, and then to watch them with the most scrupulous care in order to prevent them from taking action which might do serious injury to the national interest. He took a great risk, and it is still too early to say definitely whether the result justified the risk. But he counted upon the notorious dislike of Socialism which distinguishes the occupants of the Socialist front bench and assisted those timid capitalists to restrain their more extreme followers.

Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Yarmouth, then, pledges him not to put the Socialists into office with the intention of preventing them from passing dangerous Socialistic measures. It most certainly does not debar him from putting them into office, and then encouraging the extremists in their party to force disastrous legislative or administrative action upon a reluctant Government. In an article in an earlier issue of this REVIEW* I have discussed this possibility fully, and Mr. Lloyd George's Yarmouth speech undoubtedly leaves him free to adopt the policy of thus troubling the waters in order that he may fish in them successfully. The present owner of the Liberal Party need not have been so careful to inform us that he is temperamentally incapable of regarding a national crisis from the point of view of that party's former leader. There is no longer any reason to fear that party advantage will be sacrificed to national interest. The Liberal delegates appreciated this, and cheered enthusiastically.

We may note, in passing, Mr. Lloyd George's petulant complaint :—

> Although the Labour Party knows perfectly well they have no chance of getting anywhere near, they put in a candidate to wreck our

* "Next Year's General Election," September 1928.

chances, and the Tories return the compliment by putting up candidates where they have no chance.

Surely this was a little unkind to Sir H. Samuel who, if rumour does not lie, is busily engaged in trying to discover whether the condition of the nation is such that it contains 500 persons willing to become "personal-fund" candidates at the General Election. Up to the present, it would appear that the pessimists who despair of the nation have not been justified—the 500 have not yet been found. But whether these candidates eventually number 500 or less, it is perfectly obvious that the great majority will be sent into the battle, not with any expectation of their winning, but simply to prevent Conservatives from winning.

In another part of his speech, Mr. Lloyd George appears to charge the Conservative leaders with entering into pacts and agreements with the Socialist Party, and a leading Conservative has termed this statement something which, in the vernacular, would appear as "a d——d lie." For my part, I think that the critic was somewhat hasty and, after further study of the report of the Yarmouth speech, will agree with me that Mr. Lloyd George was merely showing a little ill-temper because the necessary negotiations as to business in Parliament have naturally been conducted with the leader of the Opposition. What claim Mr. Lloyd George has to be consulted in such matters, I cannot conceive. Indeed, if anyone in addition to the official Opposition is to be consulted, surely it should be me. After all, though my party consists (and by its constitution can only consist) of but one, it goes unanimously into one lobby or the other on a division, instead of dividing itself into four approximately equal parts, of which the first votes "Aye," the second "No," the third is present but abstains, and the fourth is not in the House when the division is called.

Perhaps the most interesting passage in the Yarmouth speech is the following:—

We cannot, of course, whatever befall us, enter into any understanding, formal or informal, with another party under any circumstances to advance measures or policies in which we disbelieve.

This is so noble and lofty in tone that it almost amounts

to what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would call a " gesture." And let me say at once that I accept fully Mr. Lloyd George's definite statement to the effect that he will not advance policies in which he disbelieves. Why, indeed, should he do anything so base, when it is so easy to change a belief if it interferes with any policy which one wishes to advance? Let us consider, for example, the policy of Safeguarding, or—as those pedants, who are so tactless as to call a spade a spade, would term it—Protection. When Mr. Lloyd George introduced Safeguarding, doubtless he was untroubled by disbelief in that policy. When it was subsequently found to be a policy which lost more votes than it gained, none would dare to suggest that his disbelief in it was anything but profound and sincere. But let us suppose that it became a popular policy, would he believe in it, or would he maintain his new-born disbelief in it?

Again, it is fair to presume that the Liberal Industrial Report represents the policy to which the Liberal Party is committed. But that document advocates the creation of State-appointed bodies with power to decide in what directions credit shall be extended, and in what directions it shall be restricted. This, the reader will note, involves inevitably a complete Socialist, or servile, constitution. The present proprietor of the Liberal Party accepts the Report and, therefore, no one can now taunt him with " advancing a policy in which he disbelieves," if he chooses to join the Socialists.

Yet another example: The Liberal Report advocates a wide extension of the Trade Board system of fixing wage-rates. So long as this system is applied to industries which do not have to meet keen competition from abroad, it merely involves the subsidizing of the favoured industry at the expense of the workers in the unsheltered industries —just as in the case of Safeguarding. But, if one applies the system to an industry suffering from foreign competition, an import duty on its products is an absolute necessity. That is to say, the Liberal Party anathematizes Protection, but is quite prepared to make it inevitable.

From the above, the reader will perceive what an immense latitude is still left to Mr. Lloyd George in spite

of his solemn declaration that he will never advance measures or policies in which he, or the Liberal Party, disbelieves. Truly parties get the leaders they deserve.

The present political position is undoubtedly very puzzling to that large proportion of the electorate which has appreciated the danger of Protection and similar methods of producing inflation. Electoral results seem to indicate that very many of our countrymen realize that such devices inevitably lead to political corruption. Yet it is now very difficult for them to express their views by their votes. For the Liberal Party, as I have already pointed out, has adopted an industrial policy which makes Protection inevitable. The Socialists are, of course, protectionists to the backbone and many, indeed, have begun to admit this openly, having at length perceived that nationalized industries must be protected against foreign competition if they are to provide wages unjustified by the economic position. As their only reason for desiring to nationalize industry is in order to pay uneconomic wages, Protection is the only foundation which will support even for a short time the economic structure they propose to erect. At the General Election of next year, therefore, a vote given to a Liberal or Socialist candidate will be a vote for Protection, whatever amount of lip-service those candidates may give to Free Trade.

But if the baffled elector decides on that account to vote for the Conservative candidate, he may find that he is helping to add to the ranks of the Forty Thieves, or is assisting those honest men in the party who are too stupid to perceive that advocacy of Protection is disloyalty to their leader and ruin to their cause. The antics of the egregious Mr. Hailwood at the by-elections (when he did not disguise his intention to do all the damage he could to the Government because it refused to buy him off with a Safeguarding duty on the goods produced by his firm) seem to have convinced the real heads of the Conservative Party that Protection makes politics putrid. And, whether we agree with him in other matters or not, we must all admit that the Prime Minister is striving manfully to cleanse political life from the toxic filth in which the Coalition submerged it. Inevitably, therefore,

he is being gradually forced, by the logic of the situation, in the direction of Free Trade. The speech of Mr. Lloyd George at Yarmouth makes it perfectly obvious that the owner of the Liberal Party has at any rate left open for himself the road to Socialism and its twin brother Protection. To that extent it may be regarded as an additional warning against ever again entrusting that politician with power, and as an additional reason why every endeavour should be made to secure a Conservative majority at the coming General Election.

One or two ministers who weaken the Cabinet are ripe for peerages—over-ripe, indeed. Hence there is every possibility that, if Mr. Baldwin is placed in a position to form the next Government, he will be able to surround himself with Cabinet colleagues of a kind which will win the confidence of all who love their country. Sooner or later Unemployment Insurance will have to be abolished or completely recast. Sooner or later the State will have to overcome its fear of the National Union of Railwaymen. Sooner or later the problems arising from the breakdown of democracy in local government will have to be tackled. These difficulties can only be overcome by a Prime Minister who can be trusted. Does the Yarmouth speech of Mr. Lloyd George lead the reader to think that he comes within that definition ?

The League of Nations*

A First Visit Impression

By Bernard Shaw

[*Mr. Shaw's impressions of the League are here published in full for the benefit of readers who have only seen extracts in the daily Press.*—Ed. E.R.]

When my presence at Geneva during the annual assembly of the League of Nations was mentioned in the Press, I received several letters, of which the following is a fair sample :—

> I cannot help being rather surprised and shocked to read that you "sit on the bench of Mockers and Hypocrites." . . . In this country every little child knows that the League of Nations is only a bluff and nothing but an instrument for the policy of the Allied Forces. . . . I really am at a loss to understand why you don't feel your responsibility as a Mental Tutor of the World, when taking such a step as taking part in the comedy of Geneva, which is a tragedy for every country that does not find mercy in the eyes of the world's High C Finance.

This letter is not a statesman's utterance. It is a crude expression of the popular impatience which sees no more in the League than an instrument for the instantaneous extirpation of war, and is ready to throw it on the scrap-heap the moment it becomes clear that no such operation is possible, and that the big Powers have not, and never have had, any intention of relinquishing any jot of their sovereignty, or depending on any sort of strength and security other than military.

Roughly and generally it is a fact that the pacifist oratory at the Assembly is Christmas card platitude at best and humbug at worst. The permanent departments of the League have to fight hard to defeat the frequent attempts to sabotage it by the big Powers through their deciduous members.

Whilst I was there the Press was keeping the public amused, not to say gulled, by gossip about the Assembly meetings, at which nothing happens but pious speeches which might have been delivered fifty years ago. It was so impossible to listen to them, or to keep awake during the subsequent inevitable translations, that the audience had to be kept in its place by a regulation, physically enforced, that no visitor should be allowed to leave the hall except during the five minutes set apart for that purpose between speech and translation. Fortunately,

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the young ladies of the Secretariat, who have plenty of dramatic sense, arrange the platform in such a way that the president, the speakers, and the bureau are packed low down before a broad tableau curtain which, being in three pieces, provides most effective dramatic entrances right and left of the centre. When a young lady secretary has a new dress, or for any other reason feels that she is looking her best, she waits until the speaker—possibly a Chinese gentleman carefully plodding through a paper written in his best French—has reduced half the public galleries to distraction and the other half to stertorous slumber, when she suddenly, but gracefully, snatches the curtains apart and stands revealed, a captivating mannequin, whilst she pretends to look round with a pair of sparkling eyes for her principal on the bureau. The effect is electric; the audience wakes up and passes with a flash from listless desperation to tense fascination, to the great encouragement of the speaker who, with his back to the vision beautiful, fondly believes he has got them at last.

But for these vamping episodes, and such occasional sensations as the possibility of a great platform artist like M. Briand intervening and shaking the League to its foundations by getting his feet on the ground with an allusion to real things as they really are, nobody would face the task of acting as spectator, least of all in the distinguished visitors' gallery, in which there is little distinction and absolutely no ventilation. A very able administrative official, whose heart and soul are in the League, told me that he has been at Geneva eight years, and never attended one of these assemblies yet. He expressed no intention of remedying that hiatus in his experience.

Whilst this was going on at the Victoria Hotel, and being daily foisted on the public as the real thing, a battle royal—on the upshot of which the very existence of the League as an effective international organ depended—was raging at the other side of the lake in the National Hotel, between Sir Eric Drummond, the permanent British Secretary-General appointed by the Treaty of Versailles, and Mr. Locker-Lampson, the Assembly member sent for the month by Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet.

These deciduous members, who arrive mostly in

scandalous ignorance of the obligations contracted by their Governments through their instructed representatives on the permanent governing bodies of the League, and conceive themselves to be national advocates (not to say nationalist spies in the internationalist camp), naturally expect to find themselves supported by their distinguished fellow-countrymen on the staffs. They are rudely undeceived the moment they begin their crude attempts at sabotage.

The British Jingo Imperialist finds himself writhing in the grip of Sir Eric Drummond; the French Poincarist-Militarist takes the full count in the first round from M. Albert Thomas. This year Mr. Locker-Lampson, a novice in Geneva like myself, had to deal with the League's Budget, and tried starvation tactics. Parading the poverty of England, he opposed every increase in the necessarily growing estimates. The difference at stake to his country was about £4,000! When he was informed that the British representative on the governing body of the International Labour Office had, with full instructions from his Government, voted for the increases, he desperately declared that the British Government could not be bound by the action of their own instructed representative at the International Labour Office. He was backed up by the countries who were losing no opportunity to reduce the League to impotence, and, in particular, to cripple the Labour Office. How could a gentleman and a Conservative tolerate a Labour Office?

His efforts were as unsuccessful as they were unedifying. Sir Eric jumped on him with all the weight of his authority and his splendid record as the first creator of the international staff. M. Albert Thomas, director of the I.L.O., a first-rate administrator and a devastating debater, wiped the floor with what Sir Eric had left, all the more effectively because even France, the most bellicose of the Powers, although having just repudiated 80 per cent. of her national debt, she had more excuse for meanness, strongly supported the League. In the end Sir Eric, M. Thomas, and the League won with a completeness that made their victory a disgrace to the vanquished; but the public outside Geneva, gaping at the Assembly camouflage, missed it all. Judging the League, like my vituperative correspondent, by the Assembly, they see nothing in it but a futile hypocrisy,

and cannot understand why they should be taxed to support it. And they are so ignorant of its constitution that a victory by Sir Eric Drummond would be taken by them, if it ever came to their knowledge, as a British victory to be credited to the British Government.

This situation, in which the permanent nominees of the constitutional governments are thrown into resolute opposition to their deciduous representatives, is chronic at Geneva. One of M. Albert Thomas's greatest victories there was won over the French Government when he defeated its attempt to exclude agricultural workers from the scope of the Labour Office on the ground that they are not "industrials." The really great thing that is happening at Geneva is the growth of a genuinely international public service, the chiefs of which are ministers in a coalition which is, in effect, an incipient international Government. In the atmosphere of Geneva patriotism perishes: a patriot there is simply a spy who cannot be shot. Even Sir Austin Chamberlain, with his naïve assurances that he is an Englishman first and last, and that the British Empire comes before everything with him, must be aware by this time that in saying so he has contributed to the League only a standing joke so outrageous that only a man with a single eyeglass could have got away with it.

I am fully aware of the tendency, lately exposed by Señor Madariaga in the columns of the *Times*, to fill the posts in the secretariat as well as the Assembly by diplomats sent to uphold the national interests of their country *contra mundum*, and thus to undo the excellent beginning made by Sir Eric Drummond in building up his staff of Internationalists from the ground. The system of appointment, which, being frank jobbery, is the best of all systems in good hands and the worst in bad, makes such a substitution feasible enough. Fortunately, diplomats have to be bred in-and-in in Foreign Offices and Embassies: ventilation is fatal to them. Now Geneva is a veritable temple of the winds. I will not say that the sort of young gentleman who, being paid to allow his mind to play on the problems of European history with a view to inventing foreign policies, does, in fact, allow it to play on the adventures of Lord Curzon and his valet with a view to inventing funny stories and making himself socially agreeable (a praiseworthy ambition),

is not to be met with in Geneva; but he is an anachronism there, and, being trained to be susceptible to social influences and conceptions of good form, soon suffers a lake change, if not into something rich and strange, at least into an anecdotist whose subjects are the relations between the representative States to one another instead of the relations between the kitchens and drawing-rooms at the Embassies.

In short, the League is a school for the new international statesmanship as against the old Foreign Office diplomacy. This appears more clearly on the spot than at home, where the League is thought of as a single institution under a single roof. In Geneva it is seen as three institutions in three separate and not even adjacent buildings. Two of them are only converted hotels, the quondam Victoria Hotel housing the Assembly or Hot Air Exchange, which I have already described, and the quondam National Hotel, now the Secretariat or Palace of the Nations, where Sir Eric Drummond presides over an international civil service staffed with a free variety of the upper division Whitehall type. In contrast to these survivals is the International Labour Office building, brand-new, designed *ad hoc*, a hive, a Charterhouse, with labour glorified in muscular statues and splendid stained glass windows designed in the latest manner of half-human, half-Robotesque drawing, and with every board-room panelled and furnished and chandeliered with the gift of some State doing its artistic best, and succeeding to a quite extraordinary degree in avoiding trade commonplaces and achieving distinction without grotesqueness. I have never been in a modern business building more handsomely equipped. Here M. Albert Thomas reigns, not as a king, which would immediately suggest a French king, but as a Pope; for this is the true International of which Moscow only dreams; and M. Thomas, though a Frenchman to the last hair of his black beard, and a meridional at that, is the most genuinely Catholic potentate in the world. And here the air is quite fresh; no flavour of Whitehall leather and prunella can be sniffed anywhere. These neo-Carthusians are of a new order, in whose eyes the agreeable gentlemen who have been shoved into the hotel down the road with Sir Eric are the merest relics of a species already extinct, though too far behind the time to know that they are dead.

Nevertheless, they know the value of those happy accidents of the old order who run the commissions at the Secretariat, and whose work necessarily overlaps their own at many points. And the Secretariat, though not always quite clear as to why this Labour Office is there or what it is for, and only dimly and rather sceptically conscious of the new proletarian politics (not having found any mention of them in Thucydides, Grote, or Macaulay) finds that M. Thomas is a tower of strength to it when the League's existence is threatened by the big Powers whose moral standards it is forcing up so uncomfortably.

An example will illustrate this moral pressure, and answer the question: "What do all these people do besides pretending that the League can prevent war?" Take the case of the mandates. The Powers have not only their own dominions to govern, but countries which are placed under their tutelage until the inhabitants are able to govern themselves. Let us suppose that Ruritania is given a mandate to govern Lilliput provisionally for Lilliput's good. Ruritania, neither knowing nor caring what a mandate means, but, seeing a chance of extending its territory, grabs Lilliput eagerly, and proceeds to exercise all the irresponsible powers of a sovereign conqueror there without regard to the native point of view. This goes on until the representative of Ruritania at Geneva is called on to give an account of Ruritania's stewardship. The representative has a very natural impulse to say haughtily: "Ask no questions and you will be told no lies"; but he finds that this is out of order, as a mandate is, after all, a mandate. Being unable to give answers which are at once satisfactory and truthful, he does what every gentleman does for the credit of his country; that is, lies like a Pauline Cretan. But, being a gentleman, he does not enjoy this method of saving face. When he goes back to Ruritania, he angrily asks what on earth the officials, for whom he has to answer, mean by putting him into such a fix, and insists that it shall not occur again, as it must unless the Government of Lilliput is brought up to mandate level. This may not be immediately possible; but at all events enough gets done to enable the League to be faced with no more than a reasonable resort to prevarication. Without the League nothing at all would be done.

At this moment, the Howard Society, heartbroken by the atrocities to which not only convicted felons but untried prisoners are subject in many lands, is striving for a humane international agreement in the matter. If the League of Nations did not exist, such an object would be unattainable. Without the Labour Office an international agreement by the nations not to compete industrially by sweating their workers would be equally impossible. As it is, there is an agreement limiting the permissible duration of the working day which England is standing out of, but which Geneva will shame her into presently—an important psychological operation which would not be practicable without the Labour Office. If there were no such question as that of war and peace, the League would be able to justify its existence ten times over; indeed, this question is rather the main drawback to the League than its *raison d'être*. Take into account the incipient international court of justice at The Hague, and the body of international law which will grow from it, and the case for maintaining the League becomes irresistible, and the attempts to starve it disgracefully stupid, even if the Kellogg Pact be nothing but a monument of humbug.

I stress this because, as a matter of fact, Mr. Kellogg has been duped into taking a stealthy step backward towards war under the impression that he was making a colossal stride towards peace. By the original covenant of the League, the Powers were bound not to make war until they had first submitted their case to the League; that is, without a considerable delay. Since then the big fighting Powers have been trying to extricate themselves from this obligation and recover their old freedom to make war without notice whenever they wanted to. Their first success in this direction was the Locarno agreement, the second the Kellogg Pact. Both of them established conditions under which the covenant might be violated; and the Kellogg Pact put the finishing touch by providing that the Powers might go to war at any time "in self-defence." What this means can be appreciated at once by the fact that the German attack in 1914 was, perhaps, the most complete technical case of self-defence in military history, Germany's avowed enemy, Russia, having mobilized against her. But, indeed, since such excuses for war became conventional there has never been

a war which lacked them. Of all the wars which Commander Kenworthy, in his significant book, "Will Civilisation Crash?" has shown to be on the cards, including, especially, a war between the British Empire and the United States, there is not one that could not be and, if it breaks out, will not be, represented as a war of self-defence on both sides. Mr. Kellogg had better have privileged wars of aggrandisement or revenge, because any Power claiming the privilege would at least have been in an indefensible moral position. The only possible policy for the League is steadfastly to ignore all the much-advertised proceedings at Locarno and Paris exactly as it was itself ignored on both occasions, and insist on the covenant as still binding.

But the Pact made the pacifist ice so thin this year that the Assembly skaters hardly dared to move on it; and this was why M. Briand made such a sensation when he cut a figure or two on the outside edge as if there were nothing the matter. The panic-stricken journalists accused him of all sorts of malicious intentions; but he really said only two things, both of which needed saying. The first was that Germany's pose as a disarmed State was only a *reductio ad absurdum* of disarmament, as Germany, with her convertible commercial aircraft, was just as able as any of the Allies to make the only sort of surprise attack that is now really dreaded; and, second, that the next war may not be a war of conquest or self-defence or revenge, but a crusade—a crusade for internationalism against nationalism and imperialism, for Socialism against Capitalism, for Bolshevism against Liberal democracy; in short, a war for ideals, in which case the present alliance between M. Briand and M. Poincaré would hardly hold. M. Briand did not give any of these instances; I am crossing his t's and dotting his i's very freely; but that is what it came to.

If it were not for such occasional interventions as this of M. Briand, the Assembly might be dismissed as mere window-dressing in an otherwise empty shop. But window-dressing has its importance. If the big Powers neglect it as part of their habit of ignoring it and making pacts and "naval arrangements" and the like behind its back whenever they are really interested, and slighting it when they are not, whilst at the same time the little States are clinging to it and sending the best

men they can spare to represent them at it, it may end in the League being dominated at some important crisis by the sheer ability of the envoy of some hardly perceptible South American Republic, and the big Powers being reduced to insignificance by the incapacity for international affairs of second-rate party careerists who have no business to be at Geneva at all. The Genevan prestige of England stood high in the days when the Labour Government sent Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson to discuss the protocol. Now, with a novice like Mr. Locker-Lampson, with his absurd instructions, writhing helplessly in the grip, not only of first-rate officials who are also in effect ministers, but of representatives of miniature States that have hardly a gun to back them, we who come from England thank God for the accidental advent of Lord Cushendun who, though he does not pretend to be taken in by pacifist platitudes any more than Sir William Joynson-Hicks, at all events looks like an elder statesman of weight and experience; whilst handsome Mr. Duff Cooper cannot get credit for his ability because he still looks like nothing but a young bridegroom lost in a delicious honeymoon.

Even if the Cabinets of the big Powers are still so shortsighted and narrow-minded as to wish to reduce the League to insignificance, they will certainly not do it by sending half-tried lightweights there when the smaller States are sending their heaviest champions. Neither, however, must they send what are called representative persons. M. Briand never received a deeper insult than when the French Press, imagining that he had merely made a vulgar attack on the Germans, congratulated him on having been the spokesman of French opinion. His real achievement is to have held the fort for sane internationalism for the last few years in the teeth of Poincarism. Geneva is not the place for the man in the street. The street is full of persons with parochial minds—jingo minds, imperial minds, foreigner-hating minds, senselessly pugnacious minds and senselessly terrified minds. A League representative of such people would wreck civilization in ten years if they could by any miracle be induced to combine against it. Our salvation in these days depends on the small and unrepresentative percentage of persons who can see further than the end of

their noses; and of such must the League be if its enormous potential values are to be realized.

The League is not, as many of its friends fear, in any danger of dissolution. Its roots had struck deep before it appeared above ground in 1919; and in spite of its apparent impotence in the matter of war and peace all the serious statesmen of the big Powers now know that they could not do without it. It may be said of it, as Voltaire and Robespierre said of God, that if there were no League, it would be necessary to invent one. But it may not always be *the* League—one and indivisible. Already there are two Leagues of Nations: one so-called at Geneva, and the other called the United States of America. The Geneva League is not psychologically homogeneous; and it has just received an alarming shock in consequence. The most considerable British statesman at Geneva this September was Lord Lytton; and he represented, not the British Western, but the British Eastern Empire. And he struck a blow which showed how very unreal a League of Nations—even one which virtually combines two great leagues stretching from the Urals to the Rockies—may become east of Suez.

Speaking as the member for India, Lord Lytton said that the Geneva League was not worth to India what it was costing her. Then he struck at the Achilles heel of the League. He reminded the Assembly that the decision of the League must be unanimous; and added bluntly that if its proceedings continued to lack all interest for India, no more unanimous decisions would be forthcoming. And at that he left it.

Now it is clear that if Asia uses the League to deadlock Europe and America, Europe and America must admit that East and West cannot work in double harness, and that the East must have a League of its own, working with Geneva just as America does. This seems likely, now that Lord Lytton has thrown his bomb, to be the first fission; but it may not be the only one; for psychological homogeneity is strained at Geneva longitudinally as well as latitudinally. The Federation of the World will come before the Parliament of Man, which cannot be realized until man is a much less miscellaneous lot then he is at present.

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The Way of Peace

By J. O. P. Bland

"The religion of enmity in its unqualified form is as indefensible as the religion of amity in its unqualified form. Each proves itself to be one of those insane extremes out of which there comes a sane mean by union with its opposite."—*Herbert Spencer.*

THERE is no new thing under the sun. When, in 1815, the Tsar of Russia invited the civilized world to join the Holy Alliance, it was laid down in Article II of the resultant Peace Pact that "the sole principle of force, whether between the said governments or between their subjects, shall be that of doing each other reciprocal service." Article III announced that "all the Powers who shall choose solemnly to avow the sacred principles which have dictated the present Act . . . will be received with equal ardour and affection into their Holy Alliance." Alexander, it is true, on moral grounds, similar to those which prevent Mr. Coolidge from having any dealings with the Soviets, could not bring himself to invite Turkey to join, but, for the rest of the world, he assumed, as speculative idealists have done before and since, that the corporate conscience is capable of a development equal and similar to that of the individual. Lord Castlereagh called the Tsar's Treaty "sublime mysticism and nonsense," an opinion speedily justified by events. Signor Mussolini calls Mr. Kellogg's Pact "reciprocal leg-pulling"; of the two, one prefers the phraseology of 1815. Alexander's idealism was whole-heartedly sincere, and even less sophisticated than that of President Wilson, but both were closet-philosophers who persuaded themselves that, by the recording of "noble sentiments in a solemn treaty," they could bring about the millennium of universal and permanent peace.

The League of Nations, like the Holy Alliance, arose out of the natural revulsion of the civilized world from the horrors of war, and the desire to prevent its recurrence. Lord Robert Cecil, one of its most earnest godfathers, comparing it with the Holy Alliance, attributed the failure of the latter to the fact that it became restricted to a certain group of nations. "The League was to be something very different, because it was 'to be open to every nation which can be trusted by its fellows to accept *ex animo* its principles and basis.'" He tactfully overlooked President Wilson's declaration that the League

must be limited to a partnership of " democratic nations, and that no autocratic government could be trusted to observe its covenants." Mr. Asquith was convinced, " as a matter of common sense, that the League stood on a more solid foundation than any of the transient combinations between all the Great Powers of history." General Smuts, whose scheme for the organization and regulations of the League's activities first gave coherence to President Wilson's vague ideas, declared that " the new institution of peace must be something additional, superimposed on the existing structure; it must be an organic change, woven into the very texture of our political system. The new motif of peace must in future, so to speak, flow from the nature of things political." At the same time, he realized that " war is a symptom of deep-seated evils, a disease or growth out of our social and political conditions." Viscount Grey, under no delusion as to the immediate probability of the requisite organic change, proposed that the League should have at its disposal " an authoritative international force, which should act as police in individual countries." The League of Nations Union, associated with the American League to enforce peace, went further and proposed " to create a supreme international Court and to *enforce* its decisions; to act as trustee and guardian of uncivilized races and undeveloped territories, to maintain international order, and thus finally liberate mankind from the curse of war." There has never been anything unduly modest about the League of Nations Union; but President Wilson put the finishing touch to these imposing designs for the edifice of Peace, by declaring that its establishment, to be secure, must " definitely exclude those economic rivalries which have been the prolific source in the modern world of the plans and passions that produce war."

The roseate mists of this pacific idealism were rudely scattered by the cold blast of the American Senate's purely domestic politics, which disavowed the President and consigned his League Covenant to the waste-paper basket. Thenceforth, as an effective authority to prevent the causes and limit the consequences of world conflicts, the League was doomed, like The Hague before it, to futility. It became a thing of words, remote from works, of pious opinions that could never be binding decisions. General Smuts, more in sorrow than in anger, has lately

summed up its situation. "The League," he says, "has not responded to the highest hopes of those who founded it. It has become untenable in the politics of Europe, in that mesh of rationalism which is dividing the world today and tearing humanity to pieces." He attributes its failure to the fact that it was "weakened and left lop-sided through the abstention of the United States." But Mr. Kellogg's Peace Pact now inspires him with fresh hope, for in it he discerns the influence "of millions in America today who realize profoundly their co-responsibility for the affairs of the world." The passing years have evidently not diminished the gallant General's zeal for the welfare of humanity, nor added anything to his understanding of American politicians.

I have dwelt at some length on the history of the League because a comparison between its genesis and that of Mr. Kellogg's Pact is instructive. The foremost advocates and exponents of America's latest initiative in international pacifism find in it new and vital elements of a kind to justify optimism, just as those of the League did ten years ago. Mr. Denis P. Myers of the American World Peace Foundation, writing to the *Times*, declares that "the extremely serious attitude of the American Government is the most salient new feature of the peace movement . . . The United States Government," he says, "is making up for lost time in about the same spirit of devotion that it showed when it entered the world war." Curiously enough, he also observes that Mr. Kellogg's "naked formula" is good American politics, inasmuch as it supplies something tangible and intelligible to satisfy a popular demand, "which seethes and burgeons with peace sentiments." This popular demand for a lead in international pacifism had brought considerable pressure to bear upon the State Department long before "the grand conception of the French Foreign Secretary" had provided a heaven-sent opportunity for satisfying it, and thus refuting the Democrats' criticism that "the Republican party had done nothing to promote international peace."

President Wilson had also a seething mass of sentiment behind him, but it did not suffice to make the Senate accept the principle of co-responsibility in world affairs, upon which General Smuts now relies and upon which depends, in truth, even the moral effect of the Kellogg

Pact. Mr. Philip Kerr of the "Round Table," a leading light of the National Council for the Prevention of War, writing in the *Spectator* before the signature of the Pact, held that it "introduced a new and vital element into the problem," inasmuch as the nations pledge themselves to maintain the peace of the world by the "legitimate use of force for police purposes," and to *compel* resort to pacific modes of settlement in international disputes. He regards the new Pact as superior to the Covenant of the League, or the Monroe doctrine, in that it creates the mechanism which will "compel the nations to submit their disputes to the test of reason and justice impartially applied." Like General Smuts, he assumed, in fact, that the United States would henceforth bear its share of the world's burdens, and, accepting the principle of co-responsibility, co-operate in the legitimate use of force for police purposes. Without such co-operation the Pact for the outlawry of war obviously becomes as lopsided as the League of Nations, a *beau geste* and nothing more. Hence the painful silence in the high places of pacifism since Mr. Kellogg has been at pains to make it clear, before signing the Pact, that it has no bearing on his Government's naval policy, as stated at Geneva; and, furthermore, that, in the event of the European Powers deciding to impose sanctions against any nation for violation of the Pact, the United States does not, and would not, recognize any positive military or economic obligation. Such being the case, it matters not whether the Senate ratifies the Pact or not.

Speaking on June 11, Mr. Kellogg commended his proposed outlawry of war to the support of the Churches as "a most impressive manifestation of the spiritual nature of man." He believed that the time had come for a "frank renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, to the end that the peaceful and friendly relations now existing between the peoples of the world may be perpetuated." Only the limited vision of a mind wholly obsessed by domestic and electioneering politics could thus describe the present condition of existing international relations, or ignore the significant failure of the Powers to agree in the matter of naval armaments which, as Mr. Philip Kerr observes, are "the barometer of the mutual confidence of nations." In proclaiming his simple faith in the comity of nations and its readiness

"without qualification or reservation" to renounce war, the Secretary of State, with a shrewd sense of the probable attitude of the Senate and appreciation of the effect of a splendid gesture on the electorate, prudently declined even to consider any technical details or conditions which might impair that splendour. In the sight of all men he hitched his wagon to a star (having carefully insured the contents) and left the rest to Providence and the Republican party. Accordingly, he brushed aside as irrelevant Great Britain's tactfully indirect reference to the Monroe doctrine and her expressed intention to invoke something like this doctrine for the security of the Empire, in certain regions which have a special and vital interest for H.M. Government, and where the Kellogg formula, being unintelligible, must be of no effect. He declined to discuss the French Government's exclusion from the scope of the Pact of all "wars of self-defence," probably because he knows that history can show no case in which a belligerent has ever admitted to being the aggressor. His "naked formula" cares for none of these things, least of all to be saddled with the duty of defining as a matter of practical politics what shall in future constitute justifiable "police measures" within the meaning of the Pact. Yet without a definite agreement in this vital matter, the Pact becomes, in the words of Signor Signoretti, a "colossal windbag." Consider, for example, the thorny dilemma of the European Powers if called upon to determine whether active defence by Japan of her special position in Manchuria comes under the heading of war or that of police measures. Or if Great Britain were compelled to take forcible measures to prevent the establishment of an independent Republic in Ireland. But why waste words? Before ever the representatives of the civilized Powers met at Paris to sign its birth certificate, Mr. Kellogg's "naked formula" had been clad in flowing garments of futility.

. . . . . .

What then are we to conclude from the record of idealistic pacifism during the past century? That civilized humanity should shrink from the ever-increasing horrors of war, that mankind would fain seek a sure way to permanent peace, is self-evident. But it is equally evident, from the record of the Holy Alliance and the League of Nations, that permanent peace can never be ensured by multilateral treaties and solemn pacts, but

that when it comes—as assuredly it will hereafter—it must result from the material well-being and wisely directed education of the masses. The only effective preventive of war lies in such a triumph of the collective intelligence of humanity over its collective folly as will produce conditions of economic prosperity and intellectual culture sufficient to remove from every nation the temptation to improve its position at the expense of its neighbours. Until the civilized nations have learned (as they are gradually learning) to check the multiplication of their underbred and underfed millions, these must inevitably continue to be periodically reduced by Nature's positive checks of famine, disease, and war. History proves beyond all question that, when it comes to choosing between these three evils, the general body of citizens will always prefer the risks of war to the certainty of the other two. Let the closet-philosophers evolve their "naked formulæ"; let the pacifists dream their dreams of filling hungry bellies with smooth words, the fact remains that congested industrialism on the one hand and the world's diminishing margin of food supplies on the other have produced social and economic conditions in themselves fraught with countless causes of strife, and that these can only be overcome by systematic education of the masses in elementary economics, sociology, and the philosophy of citizenship. The peace problem with which the world is confronted today is the problem of finding food and elbow-room for already congested and rapidly growing centres of industrialism—a problem which the makers of peace pacts complacently ignore, but to which their competitive policies in armaments bears eloquent testimony. The truth of the whole matter was clearly stated by Mill long ago, when he said "the triumphs of science over the powers of Nature can never become the means of improving and elevating the universal lot, until, in addition to just institutions, the increase of mankind shall come under the deliberate guidance of judicious foresight." Political idealists continue to proclaim their faith in just institutions, but the root cause of war, the grim law of population, remains so mysteriously beyond the ken of priests, pacifists, and politicians, that it would almost seem as if the Providence which shapes our ends intends that the sorry scheme of things, which compels mankind to continual strife, should not be remoulded for many a day to come.

The Mythical Transfer Problem

The Dawes Plan in Practice and Prospect

By George P. Auld.

[*We are glad to give an American point of view from a specialist who was formerly Accountant-General of the Reparations Commission, and is the author of "The Dawes Plan and the New Economics."*]

It is nearly four years since the Dawes plan ushered in a real peace and made possible the resumption of normal processes of production and trade. Within that period, there has been a striking improvement in European conditions. But the time has been too short for any such substantial and permanent improvement to have occurred as would warrant the idea that the plan has completed its service to mankind. Its continued successful operation remains a matter of vital consequence to the political and economic stability of Europe, and thus of large immediate importance to us in America.

The inter-ally debt settlements have an importance of a different kind. Except in the case of England, the period of large instalment payments has not yet arrived and the question of their direct economic effects is still one of the future. The settlements have, however, a large present significance in the influence which they exert on the reparation question. Simplifications of the machinery of the Dawes plan are now being suggested, having as desirable features the definite fixation of the German liability and the commercialization of the debt through the sale of reparation bonds to the world-investing public for the benefit of the Allies. But these suggestions are usually linked with a proposal that Germany's obligation should be fixed at a figure considerably lower than the estimated value of the present annuities, and a serious stumbling-block immediately appears in the debts owed by the Allies to America. So long as those obligations in their present magnitude hang over the Allies, it does not seem likely that we shall see any important revision of the plan involving further concessions to Germany.

Nor, in my view, is further concession by the Allies necessary, either equitably or from an economic standpoint. The burdens resting on the Allies are no less than those on Germany; and the idea that the reparation debt (or the inter-ally debts) must be reduced because of difficulties to be encountered in transferring payments across frontiers is without substantiation.

The record of the Dawes plan to date is one of unqualified success. Its prospects, fundamentally, are of the best. It is powerfully supported by public opinion, which, as we all know, is today much better informed and far more potent in international affairs than ever before in history. Public opinion is reasonably clear, and properly so, that the burden placed on Germany by the Dawes plan is an equitable one, that it is not based on the idea of revenge, and that it has no reference to the tangled question of responsibility for the war. The burden is laid in the interest of a fair distribution of the war losses among all the nations of Europe, no one of which could undertake to carry a disproportionate load without involving all of them in the common danger of collapse. The French are pinning their hopes of rehabilitation to the Dawes plan; and the Germans, under the intelligent leadership of men like Marx, Stresemann, and Luther, are able to recognize the benefits of political stability and economic reconstruction which the plan confers on Germany itself.

The Dawes plan is morally well grounded; and it was an advantageous settlement for all concerned. At bottom, therefore, it is sound and vigorous. We are told, however, by a school of English economists, that the plan is impracticable. It works, but the Keynes school tells us that it cannot continue to work when the period of maximum payments arrives this autumn. It is a fair and advantageous arrangement, drawn up, accepted and supported by reasonable and intelligent men. But the economists tell us that there is an economic law with which a settlement of such a character is in conflict, and which will compel the plan to give up the ghost. They tell us of a new economic something recently come into the laws of international exchange, called the transfer problem, which prevents a willing and solvent debtor

from paying, or a willing and needy creditor from receiving, without harm to himself, the instalments on any international debt as large as the reparation debt.

This so-called transfer problem has been made the basis of repeated warnings to the French that they must reduce their reparation claims. The annuities provided under the Dawes plan I estimate at a capitalized value of nine billion dollars. Roughly half of the obligation runs to France. The French need the relief which it represents. Their struggle for fiscal and economic regeneration is scarcely yet out of its initial chapter, and they are wholly unreconciled to the idea of a stoppage of reparation payments. They take no stock in the transfer problem. They are deeply impressed by the view that if reparation payments should be suspended by the Transfer Committee, such action would occur not as a consequence of any inherent economic difficulty, but as a result of this very transfer agitation itself.

There can be no doubt that the predictions of a breakdown, unsubstantial though they are intrinsically, would tend, if given credence, to bring about that very catastrophe, just as the spread of unfounded rumours in the street has been known to cause a disastrous run on the deposits of a bank. There is a close similarity between the two cases. For the Dawes plan functions in a very real and definite sense as a part of the world-credit system. Its operation today depends on the American investor. It is the dollar exchange being made available to Germany through American loans which furnishes the means of transferring the payments out of Germany. This process, at the present stage of the reconstruction of Europe, is wholly natural and healthy for all concerned, and in normal conditions it seems due to go on for a long time to come. But the Keynes school is determined that the American investor shall believe it to be dangerous and unnatural. If the investor should take these ideas seriously and stop lending our surplus capital to Europe, the result undoubtedly would be a political and commercial crisis of considerable proportions, affecting this country, as well as Europe. The discoverers of the transfer problem are playing with forces of a highly explosive nature, both economic and political, and their ideas

ought to be clearly recognized and marked for what they are, a body of doctrinaire theory possessing no solid foundation.

These theories have had a considerable success with the man in the street. Under their influence former standards of judgment regarding the creation and payment of debts have become dowdy and old-fashioned. Those old standards, possessed of a certain fundamental simplicity and tested by long experience, regarded taxable capacity as the criterion relating to the creation and payment of government debt and industrial earning power as the criterion for commercial debt. But since the war we have talked a new language—a kind of economic jargon. Nothing now seems worth noticing but the export surplus, failing to possess which, the debtor, we have been told, cannot pay, and succeeding in possessing which he will, by paying, bring serious embarrassment or ruin to the industrial life of the creditor nation.

Of such stuff is modern economic theory made. For nearly a decade the spectre of the export surplus has dominated the minds alike of those who have feared that the debts could not be paid and of those who feared that they would be. An economic law has been discovered, which, though it did not operate at all before the war, is now said to operate with remorseless finality. It is a law which now runs to the disqualification of France as the principal creditor on reparation account and of the United States as the chief creditor on inter-ally and commercial loan accounts, but which, in pre-war days, when England was creditor on world account in nearly twice the amount of the present position of the United States, did not run at all.

Today, Europe and the rest of the world owe us on commercial debt about nine billion dollars (net after deducting American obligations owed to abroad); and on inter-ally debt, about seven billion dollars (representing the real present value of the annuities contemplated by the funding agreements, if capitalized at 4 per cent.). The total is 16 billion dollars, the difference in the character of the two major components of this indebtedness being immaterial, so far as any possible difficulties of

transfer are concerned. As against this 16 billion dollars owed to the United States at the present time, the United States and the rest of the world before the war owed Europe the equivalent of 50 billion dollars in present-day values (our share being 7½ billions). Thirty billion dollars of this debt was owed to England alone and most of the remainder to France and Germany.

Now, what happened in the matter of international debt collection in those pre-war years? What happened was that every solvent debtor paid his debts without difficulty to himself or anyone else, and every English investor who held foreign obligations of good credit rating regularly cashed his coupons and duly deposited his collections of matured principal in a sterling bank account or any other kind of bank account in which he saw fit to place them. Individually, every good debt was collected in cash; the aggregate of the foreign lendings, however, never decreased. It increased steadily, other requirements of the industries of debtor countries taking the place of the obligations which were paid off. Nothing untoward happened in the realm of economic law, and the transfer problem was unheard of.

What new factor has, since the war, been introduced into the situation to change all this? What, if anything, has made the international economic system of the past suddenly sinister or unworkable? The answer is, of course, nothing at all. All that has happened is that Country X which was a creditor is now a debtor, and Country Y which was a debtor is now a creditor. The transfer problem is nothing but a state of mind. When the inter-ally debts were suddenly and dramatically created to the amount of 10 billion dollars, 200 or 300 million people looked at them and gasped, and of that number not one-tenth of 1 per cent. had ever heard of the 50 billion dollars of foreign obligations (33 billions in pre-war values) which Europe had held in 1913. A legend of impossibility and danger was then and there created, which grew and spread and came to be widely accepted by many who have never to this day applied to it the critical test of experience and common sense.

The fact is that international debts normally never have been paid by means of an export surplus. International

debts arise solely as a consequence of the fact that the debtor countries possess no export surplus; and over long periods of years they are paid, as they mature, by the creation of fresh debt. Nothing could be more natural, healthy or profitable for all concerned than the working out of this cycle of world distribution of capital. And nothing has been passed over in more complete silence by that school of British economists who looked at the inter-ally debts and solemnly pronounced them impossible.

The world is divided at any given time into natural debtor countries and natural creditor countries. A natural debtor country is one whose current needs for capital for internal development or reconstruction exceed its annual savings—like the United States before the war and Europe today. A natural creditor country is one whose current needs for capital at home are less than its annual savings—like Europe before the war and the United States today. And the index of these needs lies in interest rates. Capital follows interest rates as the tides follow the moon. It is obedient to the law of supply and demand; and so today our surplus capital, the product of our industries, lent abroad by our investors, is flowing across the Atlantic in a steady stream.

This movement of the capital of a creditor country, these shipments of its surplus production constitute the only authentic export surplus known to the international economic system—the export surplus which a natural creditor nation inevitably has and which a natural debtor nation inevitably has not. The authentic export surplus moves not *from* but *to* the debtor nation. After the primary exchanges of goods against goods have taken place to the full extent of the natural debtor country's exports, the secondary movement of trade takes place—that significant movement of the export surplus of the natural creditor against securities of the natural debtors which profitably employs the excess productive capacity of the creditor and builds up the deficient capacity of the debtor. In this manner, and in this manner only, are international debts (on balance) created, and, so long as the debtor remains a natural debtor, are the interest and sinking fund charges on them settled.

For nine years British economists have been dinning into our ears that Germany and the allies cannot within a considerable time be expected to develop an export surplus. This demonstration has been a work of supererogation, for it is obvious that Europe's losses cut untold billions deep into her productive powers, as measured by plant, goodwill and man-power. But the idea that without an export surplus those countries cannot settle their international balances in a wholly natural way for an indefinite period has nothing to support it.

Trade and finance under the modern system and on the modern scale came into being in the last century, and throughout that century the normal and only method of payment of international debts was through refunding, not in detail, but in the aggregate. Never, except on the abnormal occasion of a complete world overturn, and then only for the four years' duration of the overturning process, were international debts ever settled through an export surplus. That occasion was when, under the stimulus of an unheard-of war demand and after years of intensive development as a debtor nation, the United States took its new position in the world, settled its accumulated balance by a huge export of goods to Europe, and created a balance of 10 billion dollars on the other side of the account. Normally, international capital balances are never finally settled at all, any more than are the deposits of the banks or the obligations of the railroads. Once only in history has such a settlement of international balances ever taken place, and then only at the end of a cycle—the end, so far as we can now see, of the cycle of European economic supremacy and the beginning of the cycle of American supremacy.

The aggregate indebtedness keeps piling up. Individual debts are paid, but new ones, on an increasing scale commensurate with the expansion of population and the natural growth of business, take their place. The dollar exchange created by the new loans takes care of the old loans and finances new American exports. And so the process goes on in this new world job of ours, which England once performed. This expansion, the English tell us, is dangerous to the United States. But I have yet to hear any sensible reason advanced why it is

dangerous or why it cannot go on indefinitely to levels scarcely yet dreamed of. And, as a practical matter, at the present rate of increase, which for 1926 was about 700 million dollars,* net after offsets for money lent to us, it will be fifty years before we arrive at that position which European manufacturers and investors held in world trade and finance in 1913.

It seems to me that, on the evidence, we may safely conclude that those who have feared that the debts, whether reparation, inter-ally, or commercial, cannot be paid because the debtor countries will not have an export surplus, have been unnecessarily concerned. For, so long as the debtor countries have no export surplus, they will be in the market for new foreign loans, and the debts will be paid by the new loans. And when, by the aid of the loans and other natural recuperative processes, those countries have built up their productivity and come to the point of being natural creditor nations, with export surpluses of their own, the debts will then be paid by means of export surpluses. Obviously a nation must either have an export surplus or not have one, and under neither condition has any economic law of attainder running against creditors ever yet been passed.

With the same facts in mind regarding the world's ebb and flow of surplus capital there is, I think, a brief and relatively simple answer to the apprehensions of those who fear that the debts owing to us will some day be collected by means of a European export surplus and that our industries will be buried under the influx. The picture which they draw of a huge increase in our imports, brought about by the pressure of debts seeking to be paid, is nothing more than a figment of the imagination. The debts, whether they be big or little, will be a merely passive factor in the situation.

If, in the future, we should become a natural debtor country by comparison with Europe, that is to say, needing capital more acutely than Europe and accordingly offering higher interest return for it, that condition

* The revised figure for 1926, according to Department of Commerce Trade Information Bulletin 552, May 1928, was 604 millions, and the corresponding figure for 1927 was 671 millions.

will not arise for reasons connected with the existence of the debts nor will its degree be at all proportionate with their size. It will arise, if it arises at all, from the need of more capital at home, and it will presumably be satisfied in the first instance by keeping our export surplus at home, and after that, if we need still more capital, by demanding Europe's surplus. In such circumstances, our industries will be crying for capital, they will be crying for increased productivity, and the resulting import of capital goods, which industry itself will voluntarily stimulate by offering high interest rates, will serve the dual purpose of providing new capital and of supplementing a shortage of home product. In this process, the debts will be collected against the deficiency in our export balances, but they will have no part in creating that deficiency. When this condition begins to run we shall be collecting the debts by exporting the evidences of debt, and, so far as I can see, the only significance which the size of the debts will have will be that the more foreign obligations which we hold, the longer will it be before we begin to export our own obligations in settlement of our adverse current balances.

The sum and substance of the matter, so far as supposed dangers of debt collection in goods are concerned, is this: That if we do in the future decrease our exports and increase our imports, it will be for reasons unrelated to the debts and connected solely with the matter of capital supply and demand, in circumstances which we in the past as a debtor nation and Europe in the present as a debtor continent have found to be thoroughly healthy and stimulating.

But who is there who thinks that this situation is going to arise soon or suddenly? Whether its possibilities relate only to the satisfaction of natural and complementary demands of the nations concerned, or whether they contain also elements of danger, we may safely agree with the economists as to the unlikelihood of Europe's soon producing an export surplus. Can we not then for the present enjoy at its full artistic value, without indulging in too many anticipatory shivers, their thrilling depiction of what will one day happen when American industry in the rôle of Little Red Riding Hood comes

face to face with the ugly fangs of Europe's Export Surplus?

Naturally, by our loans we are building up the productive strength of our competitors. But shall we be frightened by our own prosperity? If we wish to trade and prosper today, we cannot help benefiting Europe by the rich and fertile overflow of our surplus, even if we would. And if as a nation we would prevent it if we could, we should be guilty of the twin stupidities of failing to recognize Europe as more of a customer than a competitor and of failing to understand that the healthy activity even of a competitor builds wider markets everywhere for all.

As for the inter-ally debts, it is too late to consider them at all in such a significance. If they conserved Europe's basic productivity by helping to preserve Europe's liberties, that was all done and completed a decade ago when the loans were made. And it would be ridiculous for us to cancel them for fear of the hobgoblin labelled "dangers of repayment." It is inconceivable that the American people would be willing to place themselves in history as the butts of such a colossal hoax. If we do decide to reduce the debts further, we ought to do it on grounds creditable to our intelligence and meriting the respect of the world, as an act of human forbearance, of political sagacity and, as I see it, of business sense. I am not concerned to argue revision of the debt settlements. I should like merely to suggest that the real outlines of the question have so far been obscured by a fog of pseudo-economic doctrine. When that is cleared away, we shall perhaps be able to consider whether it would be worth our while in spiritual satisfaction to secure the goodwill of Europe's overburdened taxpayers, and whether an increase in their purchasing power would be profitably reflected in our export trade.

Whatever our decisions on this and other questions of international debts, we might appropriately celebrate our entry into wider fields of world affairs by declaring our independence of doctrinaire economics and assigning a somewhat higher value than is now the fashion to judgments based on experience.

Mr. Chapman and Divorce

By The Rt. Hon. Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P.

To go over the familiar ground of the divorce controversy is, I am afraid, only to weary your readers. Those interested must have heard everything that is to be said on the one side or the other over and over again. But it is odd that in a controversy of so long standing the disputants should not merely be disagreed but should be at cross-purposes. Mr. Chapman's argument is that indissoluble marriage causes great hardship, that those who are unhappily married suffer pitiable distress of mind and sometimes also seem to sink into moral decay and degradation. If, he urges, marriage could more easily be dissolved and the divorced make new marriages happier than the old one, much distress would be relieved and even much degradation avoided.

Now the first thing to be said in answer to this argument, whether it be true or false in its view of the facts, is that it misses the point. Those who, on religious grounds, are opposed to divorce, are so because they believe that dissolution of marriage, even if it be thought desirable, is in fact impossible. Marriage, they believe, can never be broken as a reality in the sight of God. It is, therefore, as they think, idle to enter upon the question whether people would be happier or less happy if their marriages could more easily be dissolved, because in truth and reality no marriage can be dissolved and it is foolish to speculate about what cannot be done. As I have ventured to say on another occasion, one might as well debate whether it would be a happy thing if men and women of advanced years could again go back to the days of childhood. One might argue this with weighty arguments on either side, but it would be a foolish discussion, because we know that no old person can again become a child, and it is waste of time to consider whether it would be advantageous or not if he could.

The reason that religious people think that marriage cannot be dissolved is because of the teaching attributed to Our Lord in the Gospels and by St. Paul. St. Paul is, of

course, the earliest witness, and it seems clear from the First Epistle to the Corinthians (I Cor. VII, 10 and 11) that he believed that Our Lord did not allow divorce. St. Mark's Gospel is next in antiquity and is thought to represent what St. Peter had told St. Mark as well as what St. Mark knew of his own knowledge. Again the record of Our Lord's words excludes all divorce. So, too, in St. Luke's Gospel. If we are to accept Canon Streeter's interesting and convincing theory about the origin of the Gospels, we must recognize that this concurring witness of St. Paul, St. Mark, and St. Luke shows that the Roman Church, the Grecian Churches, and probably also the Church of Alexandria, understood that Our Lord had taught that marriage was absolutely indissoluble. The first Gospel, which we call St. Matthew's, has, it is well known, an excepting clause. This clause, where it occurs in the Sermon on the Mount, reads: "Saving for the cause of fornication," and in the nineteenth chapter, where the teaching about divorce is put at full length, it reads more simply: "Except for fornication" (St. Matt. XIX, 9, R.V.). The meaning of this clause has been disputed. Our Lord, of course, spoke in Aramaic, and we have only a Greek translation of His words. Moreover, this particular passage appears to have come from a collection of His sayings—probably in Aramaic—specially interesting to Jewish disciples, which the first Evangelist used as one of his sources. It has long ago been suggested that the exception is intended to relate to the Jewish rule that where a bride had been unchaste and did not disclose her fault to her husband before marriage, he might annul the marriage. Modern critical theories about the origin of the passage would make this interpretation a possible one. But it is enough to say that the meaning of the exception is obscure, and that it does not really diminish from the cogency of the argument derived from St. Paul, St. Mark, and St. Luke, that the Apostolic Church (that is, the Church between the Day of Pentecost and the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul) believed that Our Lord had taught that marriage was absolutely indissoluble. I am an unlearned person and I may be wrong, but this conclusion seems to me incontrovertible. Further—and this is a most important

point which is constantly overlooked—Our Lord's teaching is not, as it is often supposed to be, a prohibition, but a revelation made as by a prophet of God, of what marriage really is according to the intention of God. Christians now are, I suppose, generally agreed that Our Lord, in His incarnation, laid aside the omniscience of Deity, " emptied Himself, taking the form of a slave," but was, as man, perfectly inspired by the Holy Spirit, Whose power came upon Him at His baptism; and that He taught as the last and the greatest of God's prophets. And the revelation that He thus made of what marriage is, is perfectly clear and conclusive. As it is recorded, whether in St. Mark or in St. Matthew, this revelation declares that according to God's original purpose in creating two sexes, He meant that marriage between the two must be indissoluble. Every sexual relation except marriage, is, we know, and Our Lord's audience knew, immoral. Man differs more conspicuously from animals in this respect than in any other—that for him only one sexual relation is without sin, whereas even the highest and most developed animals have obviously no sense that anything resembling moral obligation applies to the relations of sex. This principle of chastity, dimly and corruptly known to the Gentiles, had been more perfectly revealed to Israel; and in regard to the unique characteristic of humanity thus known to His Jewish hearers, Our Lord taught in the most explicit way that only indissoluble marriage was innocent and that if a marriage was dissolved and a new relation entered into, that relation was not marriage but adultery. It will be observed that this is much more than a prohibition; it is the revelation of what is part of God's creation of the world and therefore unalterable by any authority whether of State or Church. Not Parliament nor Bishops nor Popes nor Councils of the Church, nor any other authority can turn into marriage what is by God's plan of creation adultery; nor is it reasonable to consider or debate about hard cases in such a connection. Hard cases arise plentifully among those who in any respect transgress the physical laws of the world. And this moral principle, revealed as inherent in God's plan of sex, is not less unalterable than a physical law. As part of that strange though familiar difference

which divides mankind from the whole of the animal creation, by which man alone is chaste or unchaste and he alone obeys a moral code about the relations of sex and guards it with shame and scruple—as part of this deep-seated system of obligation, Our Lord reveals that only indissoluble marriage is chaste and that divorce and remarriage is nothing but adultery.

Our insistence on a rigid rule does not imply any claim to pass moral judgment on individuals. I cannot doubt in face of Our Lord's teaching that any remarriage after divorce is adultery. But what degree of guilt attaches to such adultery is not for me or any human being to pronounce. In respect to all crimes, there are vast differences in the degree of guilt. Even about murder we must recognize that an officer who, a hundred and fifty years ago, killed a man in a duel which was forced upon him, stood in a very different position from some poisoner hanged at the Old Bailey. Yet it would be wrong to deny that to kill a man in a duel is murder; only it is murder with much excuse. And it may be that some of those who divorce and re-marry may also be only venially to blame for the adultery that they commit. Christians are forbidden to judge one another; all that we have a right and a duty to do is to uphold the moral rules which Christ revealed and the Church must teach.

Moreover, I can imagine that it might fairly be said that many people nowadays are not really Christians and that it is unreasonable to expect them to conform to the rigour of Christian morals. This would be a weighty argument if what was urged was to give recognition by the State and the law to unions which were not, and did not purport to be, marriages, and to which the Church could give no consent, though the State might allow them as a relief to human weakness. But this is not what advocates of divorce reform desire; and especially it is not what Mr. Chapman recommends. What he wants is that the Church should approve unions which Our Lord teaches are not marriage but adultery; and this is impossible.

There are two points about which I agree with Mr. Chapman. I think the Church is very much to blame in its teaching about separation. Our Lord gives no sanction to separation, unless we understand St. Matthew's

exception to relate to that; and though separation *a mensa et toro* may in rare cases be right, Christians ought to be taught that no separation in love is ever permissible to a Christian spouse. For the love which a Christian promises in marriage is not, of course, the sentimental emotion which beautifully adorns a happy and virtuous marriage; it is a virtue to be practised by the will—the virtue described by St. Paul in the great chapter, I Corinthians, 13—and it may conveniently though not quite perfectly be described as the obligation always and in any circumstances however difficult, to show kindness—kindness in deed, in word, in thought. This is what Christian spouses vow to one another when they marry, and the Church ought to teach that however badly either may behave and whatever degree of provocation such behaviour may give, no relaxation of the obligation of kindness is permitted to married people by Christian law. Accordingly, even if there be separation, the wronged party—husband or wife—must still show by every possible means the kindness which the vow of love makes binding. Nothing—strictly nothing—can justify a Christian husband or wife showing unkindness in marriage. The custom which has grown up of reading the chapter of Corinthians at weddings is an excellent one, for it should remind every spouse that the vow of love includes bearing all things and enduring all things, and that love suffers long but still is kind. This does not, of course, mean that Christians can always go on feeling the emotion of sexual affection which belongs to a happy marriage. Their unions may be so wrecked by wickedness that it may be impossible for the innocent spouse to see the other without a shudder of repulsion. But this has no bearing on the vow. What is promised and what must never fail is an unremitting and infinitely patient kindness.

I therefore agree with Mr. Chapman both as to the evil of too-easy separation and of the importance of insisting that the indissoluble bond of marriage is spiritual as well as carnal, and involves on those who would faithfully observe it the obligation of a kindness which nothing can alienate. But, if I agree on this point, I differ on others with a vehemence of feeling which I must strive to restrain within the limits of decorum. First, I cannot

approve of Mr. Chapman's emphasizing only the gentleness and tenderness of Our Lord. The most important lesson of the story of the woman taken in adultery is not the pardon strictly dependent on the offender's future righteousness which the woman receives, but the penetrating severity of the rebuke addressed to her captors. And what could be more severe—even more harsh—than Our Lord's language to the Syrophenician woman until she submits in utter humiliation to His rebuke? First He will not listen to her at all; and then He compares her to a dog—a most disgraceful comparison to Oriental ears—and it is only when she accepts this scathing and bitter condemnation that He shows mercy to her. Indeed, Our Lord is never good-natured, never indulgent. He shows the utmost love to the cry of the penitent but no sign of relaxing the austerity of moral rule to please a self-willed sinner.

I have read with very great regret, as coming from a Christian clergyman, the compliments paid to those miserable husbands who allow themselves to be divorced to satisfy the evil lusts of their wives. Mr. Chapman is not ashamed to speak of a husband of this class as a "pucka gentleman" and a "sahib." It is difficult to understand how any one, who values chastity or thinks there is any real difference between adultery and marriage, can write in such a vein. Mr. Chapman might learn better from the tragic figure of Othello:—

> Had it pleased heaven
> To try me with affliction: had he rained
> All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
> Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,
> Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
> I should have found in some place of my soul
> A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me
> A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn
> To point his slow unmoving finger at!
> Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
> But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
> Where either I must live or bear no life;
> The fountain from the which my current runs,
> Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
> Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
> To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
> Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,—
> Ay, there, look grim as hell!

This is not the language of a Christian, for Othello has forgotten the virtue which " beareth all things "; but it speaks at least the mind of a man and of a gentleman, and shames with its agonized dignity the soft-hearted and base-minded curs who hand over their wanton-wives to the filthy embraces of adultery. I hope Mr. Chapman will reconsider his admiration for what is so odious and not again use language which is a dishonour to the Christian ministry.

The truth is that all our feelings about marriage and divorce really depend on the full acceptance of the mystery of Christian chastity. And we must recognize that this is a mystery—that is to say, the reason for it is only partly known, and especially that element of moral reprehension which we feel in different degrees for different sorts of sexual immorality, is only to be justified by authority—the authority of the Bible and the Church and the authority also of a wholesome Christian conscience, but not by arguments from social utility or from the natural virtues of justice or benevolence. If Mr. Chapman will read the little books of Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Russell in the " Today and Tomorrow " series,* he will see how clear and sceptical minds, who have rejected all faith in religion, are driven to cast aside belief in chastity as a distinct virtue. I suggest that Mr. Chapman, without knowing it, has moved towards this drastic negation. Already he hardly seems to feel that there is any essential difference in cleanness and purity between marriage and adultery. I am grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Russell for their clearness and candour: I believe we have come to a stage in the history of the world in which people must choose between the orthodox faith of the Catholic Church of Christ and the total rejection of the supernatural; and that, with the supernatural, must fall all belief in chastity. So, for my part, I will not go with Mr. Chapman a single step away from the position of Catholic Christianity towards licentious scepticism.

* "What I Believe": Bertrand Russell.
"Hypatia": Mrs. Bertrand Russell.

Europe Looks at Vilno

By Augur

THE Polish and the Lithuanian points of view on the question of the ownership of Vilno were set out in the articles which appeared in THE ENGLISH REVIEW in September and October. These partisan statements, especially if taken together, provide interesting reading for the student of politics. But, after all, if we are to take an active part in the settlement of this thorny problem, we have a right to a view of our own—neither Polish, nor Lithuanian.

The objective observer is struck, first of all, by the fact that, whilst Marshal Pilsudsky, the Polish protagonist, comes of old Lithuanian stock and is proud to let the world know it, Monsieur Valdemaras, the Lithuanian dictator, is the son of the German bailiff of a Polish estate near Warsaw. It is also known that M. Valdemar (as he was called before the war), after studying at a Russian university and the Sorbonne, wanted to qualify for an academic career in Russia; then in the first year of the Revolution he became an Ukrainian and as such took part in diplomatic relations with Berlin. Soon afterwards he finally discovered that he was a Lithuanian and proclaimed a close alliance between his new-found fatherland and the Hohenzollerns. This is no reflection on his merits as a Lithuanian patriot and we mention these facts only to express our doubts about the question: What really is Lithuania and what are the Lithuanians? There is, for example, the extraordinary fact that in Kaunas, the capital of M. Valdemaras, the principal street is dedicated to the memory of Mizkievitchas, the "national bard," but incidentally we find that the poet wrote all his work in Polish and did not know a word of Lithuanian. In the same period the Poles have a great national poet, Mizkievitch, who made no secret, and indeed was proud, of his Lithuanian nationality. As Mizkievitch and Mizkievitchas are evidently one and the same man, we may well ask: What are the Lithuanians really?

We know that the Grand Duchy of Lithuania attained

the height of its power in the fourteenth century, when one of its princes, Jagello, married Queen Jadwiga of Poland. The forces of the two States united soon after to crush the Knights of the Teutonic Order at Grünwald in 1410. Then a political union was entered into, which endured until the eighteenth century, when Russia, Austria and Prussia erased for a time the Polish-Lithuanian kingdom from the map. At the moment of the union, Lithuania was a powerful State indeed, for its territory extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea, including among other provinces, Lithuania proper, White Russia, Kieff and Volhynia, with the grand-ducal capital situated in Vilno. A curious circumstance, however, is that, search as we may, we do not find more Lithuanians in that great realm than there are today in the little state of Kaunas. The explanation is that the fierce Lithuanian tribesmen supplied the kernel of the fighting forces, but the major part of the nobility and of the officials belonged to the more numerous and cultured White-Russian population, which predominated in and to the south of Vilno. The Russian dialect and not Lithuanian was the language of the Court and Administration, as is proved by the documents preserved in the ancient archives of the Kremlin. Before the union with Poland Lithuania was permeated by Russian influence and inclined towards Byzantine culture, represented by Moscow. In Vilno the upper classes certainly were Russian and not Lithuanian. In the battle of Grünwald, when Vitautas, the Grand Duke of Lithuania, arrayed himself at the side of his cousin Wladislaw-Jagello, King of Poland, a large part of his forces consisted of the levies of his White-Russian nobles. But the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the so-called Golden Age in Poland, when the numerous and powerful nobles developed a level of culture superior to anything which existed at the time elsewhere in Eastern Europe and in direct contact with Italian influences. After the Union the nobility and intellectual class in the Grand Duchy of Lithuania swung round towards the west and in the course of generations became so Polonized that "Lithuanian" was more a geographical description than a racial distinction. This was a great cultural loss to Moscovy but of little importance

to the mass of the Lithuanian people which remained as before shut up within the limits of its small tribal territory. A separate throne of Lithuania soon ceased to exist and Vilno was transformed by the Jesuits into a centre of learning of the true Western type in which the old White-Russian influence was thoroughly obliterated. The character of the population of the ancient city was transformed further by the influx of the Jews, who today form a large part of the total number of inhabitants. The many travellers who from the sixteenth century up to our time have visited Vilno have always described it as a city with a mixed population of Poles, Russians, and Jews, but without mentioning the Lithuanians, who evidently did not exist.

For the reasons given above the arguments of M. Valdemaras about the "historical right" to Vilno cannot have value in the eyes of Europe, unless they are reinforced by facts connected with the situation as it is today. In this direction the argument put forward in favour of Lithuania is that the Poles have now cut it off from a direct contact with Soviet Russia to the disadvantage of the whole of Europe. The idea is evidently that it would be a good thing for the trade of Germany and of other countries to possess an alternative route towards the U.S.S.R., independent of transit through Polish territory. But, in fact, such a route exists through Lithuania and Latvia and, in addition, until now it has not happened, either that the Polish Government has placed difficulties in the way of the transit of goods from Europe, or that the volume of traffic has been so great that the Polish railways have been unable to cope with it. The microscopic amount of *bona fide* commercial exchange with the realm of the Soviet Tsars is easily carried by the shortest route across Poland. Also again, in direct negotiation and through the League of Nations, the Polish Government has offered to Lithuania full facilities for the use of all the available railway lines. The great trunk railway from the Latvian port of Leipaa (Libau) to the Ukraine is paralysed, because M. Valdemaras refuses to allow transit over the part which lies in his territory, whilst the Polish section passing through Vilno is ready at any moment for use. We notice that the atmosphere

at Geneva with every meeting of the Council and the Assembly is becoming less favourable to Lithuania.

Then there is the political argument, which says that it is against the interest of Europe to allow Poland to control to such an extent the frontier with the U.S.S.R. The reply to this is that in 1920 Europe was saved from the peril of the Red armies invading Germany by the desperate resistance of the Poles. If the Polish line had been broken, Germany, then in the weakness, political and physical, of her great defeat would have been over-run and there would have been no Dawes Plan and probably no League of Nations assembly in Geneva today. What was Lithuania doing at the time? This is a question which Europe has a full right to ask. The answer comes from the mouth of the Soviet Tsars. We possess a source of precious information not in the garbled accounts of the official Press of Moscow, but in the textbooks issued by the Government for the use of its schools, and especially in the works of the professors of the Red military academy in Moscow. Here, for example, is what Tuchachewsky says, the man who in 1920 led the Bolshevik advance into Poland:

"As soon as the Lithuanians knew that the Red army was certain of success, their neutral attitude towards Poland at once changed to hostility. Lithuanian detachments fell upon the Polish forces occupying Novy Troki and Landwarowo. The speedy mobilization of the outflanking cavalry and the help given by the Lithuanian army cut off the northern army of the Polish line from their retreat towards Orany and Grodno; some of them began a speedy retreat towards Lida. Thus, as our three armies advanced, the Polish army was compelled to retreat towards the north and east." (Tuchachewsky, *The March Towards the Vistula*, pp. 23, 24.)

Another Soviet military man (Sergeieff, *From the Dvina to the Vistula*) writes even more explicitly:

"In view of our friendly relations with Lithuania and the proximity of the Lithuanian forces and their hostility to Poland, the operations around this wing did not permit the latter to undertake any operations against our right wing and certainly not on the Niemen line . . . on the day of the battle the Poles moved to the region

of Jandwarowo and the town of Novy Troki where Lithuanian detachments came into action for the first time. Driven back upon the Kovno road, the 2nd Lithuanian-White Russian division was unexpectedly attacked by the Lithuanian division approaching Vilno, and, surrounded on all sides by the Red and the Lithuanian armies, was almost completely wiped out, losing the whole of its artillery. . . .

"The active participation of the Lithuanian army and the victory in the Landwarowo-Novy Troki district played an important part, driving the left wing of the Polish army back to the east of Grodno, thus opening a road for the cavalry to cross the Niemen. . . ."

Sergeieff, at the outbreak of the war against Poland, commanded the right wing of the invading force, and, therefore, was in direct contact with the Lithuanians, and we read that:

"The Commander's plan consisted in bringing the three armies (4th, 5th and 3rd) of the Western front to the right wing, where this concentration would be safeguarded on the right by friendly Lithuania and furthermore by East Prussia. This menace hanging continually over the left flank of the Poles, who were in danger of being surrounded and hemmed in by their enemies, was to facilitate the mobilization of our armies towards the centre. . . . Already on July 14th, i.e. on the day on which we occupied Vilno, the Lithuanian detachments endangering the left wing and rear of the Polish 7th army threw off all semblance of neutrality . . . and forced the Poles to a hasty retreat not towards Grodno, but towards Lida. . . . an understanding was reached in virtue of which . . . Lithuanian detachments were to undertake to push back the Polish detachments to the north-west . . . to the east of this line our command profited by Lithuanian territory for the organization of its rear with all the advantages consequent upon the occupation of the given territory by the army. . . ."
(The above extract is reproduced from the book of Melikoff, a Red officer, *War With the White Poles*.)

Here we have the Russian evidence that in 1920 not only was the neutrality observed by the Lithuanian army nominal, but it ceased immediately when the

Red army entered the field, and thanks to the assistance of the Lithuanians the Red command rolled up the left wing of the Polish line, thus setting in motion the manœuvre which for a moment endangered even Warsaw itself. Before and during this operation the Lithuanians were in contact with Moscow, which knew in advance that it could rely on their friendly assistance and later obtained their consent for the use of Lithuanian territory to organize its lines of communication, etc. We conclude that in 1920 the Lithuanians arrayed themselves on the side of the enemy of Europe. M. Valdemaras does not speak about this co-operation in the past. However, he makes up for this silence by speaking a great deal about a possible collaboration with the Soviet Tsars in the present. In fact, all through this year he has quite frankly told foreign diplomats that he pins his faith to the coming war between Moscow and Poland, when his army with the help of the Red forces will retake Vilno. From the practical point of view this attitude is against the interests of Lithuania, especially because there are no signs of this famous war about which we have been told again and again for several years. Rightly or wrongly (this is another question altogether) Europe stands separated from the Soviet Tsars by a wall of suspicion and distrust. If M. Valdemaras, obliged to remain on our side of the wall, persists in telling us how he would like to be with the people on the other side, he has to abide by the consequences of his behaviour.

Laying aside sympathetic considerations, whatever they may be, and facing the question of Vilno in all its brutal nakedness, we see that from the point of view of Europe the problem is reduced to this: in view of the *fait accompli* of the Polish possession of a city the historical rights to which are in doubt, and which today is not Lithuanian either in its population or its culture, is it to the interest of Europe to allow the question to be reopened to please Lithuania, which in the past has been unfaithful to the European connection and today sides with the enemies of Europe? The League of Nations has cast its decision in favour of Poland. No useful motive will be served if the question is reopened.

Burma's Relation to India

By Major C. M. Enriquez, F.R.G.S.

LIKE the rest of India just now, Burma is very much concerned about her future. A country larger than Germany, geographically remote from India, and ethnologically distinct, her position as a mere province within the Indian Empire has always been an anomaly since annexation after the Burmese War of 1884. With awakening political consciousness, Burma has slowly discovered that the Indian association has retarded her development, and absorbed her finances. Delhi is far away, and too engrossed with Indian problems to give serious and sympathetic attention to a province so remote; while subordination to the ponderous and conservative machinery of Indian Government checks Burma's initiative in every direction. The richest of all the provinces, she is still, after four decades of Indian rule, the most backward. With the Viceroy's visit and the Simon Commission's visit imminent, she is reviewing her grievances, and preparing to lay them before those authorities; and there can be no doubt that a strong bid is about to be made for the separation of Burma from India.

The agitation, of course, is no new thing. As long ago as 1918 it was already a popular demand; and when the Lieutenant-Governor in that year called for views on the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, the Burmese delegation replied that, "We respectfully urge the separation of Burma from India." In a subsequent speech, the Lieutenant-Governor replied that, while the time was not then ripe for separation, its future desirability was recognized. He said: "A desire to retain her connection for the present with the Indian Empire does not at all connote that she (Burma) should not ask for and receive recognition of her separate requirements, and that she should not ask for and obtain a financial settlement on lines much more favourable to herself than any she has yet enjoyed. . . I agree with you at once that, when the day comes when India is entirely self-governing, her continued control over a province like Burma and a people

like the Burmans would be a great and an impossible anomaly."

With the passage of years the agitation has gained strength and momentum; and in the fresh review of the situation arising out of the appointment of the Simon Commission, separation has become a practical and a forceful issue. So far, the Governments concerned have not committed themselves; but the Press, led by the *Rangoon Times*, is busily preparing the way. The *Rangoon Gazette*, itself not the most vehement champion of separation, says in a recent article: "We do not know what is the attitude of the Indian Government—nor for that matter of the Government of Burma—but the sooner it is recognized that a strong public feeling exists, the better."

However exaggerated may be the denunciation of India's continual neglect, it would be absurd to maintain that the Burmese have not got considerable grounds for discontent. They feel they are being exploited quite shamelessly, and they point as an example of this exploitation to the "Rice Restrictions" of 1919, when, to relieve famine in India, Burma was forced to sell her rice to that country at a low price. "This," said the *Rangoon Gazette* at the time, "is a boon to the Indian ryot, who should be thankful that the benign Government directs the sales [of rice] to him at a limited price. But what the Burman ryot thinks is another matter. It is plain that he thinks differently, and has protested, as a child cries when its mother gives its toy to a neighbour's child." The "Rice Restriction" has never been forgotten, nor is it by any means the only case in which Burmese interests are subordinated to those of India. To appreciate the unwillingness of Mongolian Burma to such accommodations, one has to understand that the Burmese are as widely different from any Aryan Indian race, as are perhaps the English from the Tartars. If we cannot comprehend the reluctance of Burma to relieve and finance India, we should, perhaps, sympathize with the outcry that would ensue were Manchester suddenly ordered to pay its revenues to, say, Shanghai; and also sell Shanghai its goods below market value.

The main complaint of Burma is that, though she is wealthy—in fact, exceptionally rich—her revenues are

automatically absorbed by India. The crushing import tax, amounting to 33 per cent., is collected at Burmese ports by Indian officials, and paid direct to India! It is the popular notion, and though frequently discussed no one has denied it, that Burmese money is absorbed by India to an incalculable degree, while only a small portion is returned for administration and development. It is, to use another simile, as if India's revenue were paid to England, and England gave back enough for bare necessities, and kept the balance. Now this sort of thing is iniquitous. No wonder a discreet reticence is maintained regarding Burmese finance. All that is evident is that the funds placed at Burma's disposal are ludicrously inadequate. She is a pauper.

Now the wealth of Burma cannot be denied. It is there for every one to see. She has enormous resources of rice, oil, silver, and teak alone, not to mention many other commodities. Further, these resources are fully and efficiently exploited. The exports and imports are extensive. Where does the revenue go to? Again, there is a population of over 13 million; and the Burmese are a spreading race. They do not bury their money. Though the Burmese themselves are reputed to be not very diligent in some matters, they make steady, hardworking agriculturists; and that class constitutes 90 per cent. of the whole population. Besides, there are other elements —Indian and Chinese—whose industry is beyond dispute. In spite of all this, the country is unbelievably backward and undeveloped. There are few roads; and recent constructions only serve to accentuate the previous neglect. There are few hospitals, and few efficient schools, except in the big centres. In rural and frontier areas there are no schools, roads or hospitals at all over vast stretches of country. The neglect of sanitation is incredible. Though the Burmese are noted for their personal cleanliness, and their affection for children, the infant mortality in places reaches the appalling figure of 60 per cent. The railways are inadequate. There is not one of these factors which could not be cured, and cured very quickly, too, by money. And Burma, in her poverty, is growing conscious of her actual wealth. With awakened intelligence, she is beginning to compare her

own conditions with those of Ceylon, with its electricity and its immaculate motor roads; or with those of Malaya, which, with a paltry population of 3½ millions, and less mineral wealth than Burma herself, has a surplus accumulation of sixty million sterling with which to indulge herself in amenities. It is recalled that both these were Indian possessions, and that under Indian administration both remained in a state of bankruptcy until they received the status of Crown Colonies. Burma, with their example at her door, is clamouring for a like opportunity; and it must be admitted that she has grounds for complaint, and that the growing cry for separation is the more reasonable since Burma has no Indian affinities, ethnologically, geographically, historically, or spiritually. Burma is Mongolian, not Aryan. She belongs to Indo-China, not to the Indian Peninsula; and she is Buddhist. The only official objection to separation appears to be one of accountancy, and the difficulty of extricating Burma's finance from that of India. But a technical objection like that cannot be long maintained in the face of popular clamour, especially as Burma is now wanting to see the accounts, and, if these are really unprocurable, to cut her losses.

Urgency has been lent to the separation question by a radical change that has come over the conditions of Burma. Essentially unpolitical in her tastes, Burma has had politics forced upon her. And there is India's example before her. Indian politicians, for their own unscrupulous ends, have been at particular pains to arouse Burma's political sentiment—and that propaganda is having effect, though not precisely on the lines Indians anticipated. Burmese politicians, who are not more scrupulous, or more representative of the masses, than Indian ones, have clung to India in the hope of sharing in the spoil. "Mother India" being now discredited, political Burma is urgent to desert; but though one can have no sympathy with tactics of this sort, one has to bear in mind the interests of the vast, silent, unvocal masses. Their economic conditions have worsened. It is no longer true to say that there is no real poverty in Burma. Poverty, above all things, is the mother of discontent; and Burma accuses India of all her woes, just as India accuses England—but

with greater justice. The import tax—and it is crushing—is regarded as an imposition designed to protect Indian industries, in which Burma has no concern at all; and still, the house and poll taxes, which have no precedent elsewhere, are retained in Burma.

Finally, there is the matter of representation in the supreme councils. That representation is itself negligible; but, even so, there is difficulty in finding suitable Burmese to exile themselves to Delhi and Simla, where Burmese problems are rarely discussed. More and more, Burma feels that she is a Cinderella—and complaint under this head has been crystallized by the writings of Sir Reginald Craddock, the late Lieutenant-Governor, who has said plainly that for Burma, the connection with a self-governing India means neglect, dishonour, and stagnation.

It must be hard for people unacquainted with Burma to realize the full extent of her backwardness. The railways are not broad gauge. There are no trunk roads. The few roads that exist are not only short, but are unconnected one with another. The roads of Mandalay, it is no exaggeration to say, are pocked over with pits which a motor-car can hardly avoid. An overwhelming stench arises from the drains of the northern capital. Broadly speaking, Burma is without electricity or telephones. The buildings are crude. Schools, hospitals, and, indeed, institutions of all kinds, are starved. I believe I am right in saying that there is no white doctor, and only one chaplain, in the vast area comprising six degrees of latitude north of Mandalay. The frontier tribes, many of them amenable, broad-minded folk, remain in almost the same abject condition as when we took them over. Venereal disease is rampant, and infant mortality is high, while the measures taken to combat these evils are negligible. The crime of Burma is beyond everything. Whatever is or is not known about Burma, its crime statistics are almost world-famous; and this largely because she cannot afford an adequate police force. These are not conditions creditable to India after all these long years. There can be no harm in giving Burma the control of her own affairs, for, if she cannot administer better than India, at least she cannot do so worse.

Capital Punishment

By W. G. Carlton Hall

LORD BUCKMASTER has placed himself at the head of an agitation, always more or less in evidence in this country, for the abolition of capital punishment. The arguments of the agitators may be classified under the heads of humanitarianism, medical science, and expediency; their motives are not in every case equally clear, but in some cases at least they may be taken to be political in the worst sense of the word. The humanitarians take the lofty line that it is unpardonable to slay a human being; though their attitude is much less unbending towards the murderer than towards his executioner. The medical men assert that because the majority of murderers are mentally abnormal (which the layman may be forgiven for regarding as a very large assumption) they should not in any case be put to death, but kept in confinement and under medical observation in the hope that it may be found possible, surgically or otherwise, to remove their criminal tendencies. The third class argue that because murders are committed from time to time, although the penalty is well known to be death, therefore the fear of death is no deterrent.

The humanitarian view takes "thou shalt not kill" as a categorical imperative admitting of no exception; though it is not easy to draw any logical distinction, except in degree, between the sinfulness of taking away a man's life and that of taking away his property or his liberty. But the humanitarian, generally speaking, is insensible to argument on this or any other subject. Once he has made up his mind that a thing is wrong, nothing will ever convince him that the State can in any circumstances be justified in doing it; though he is apt to display a quite touching tenderness for the individual whom the State takes upon itself to punish for doing that same thing.

The medical attitude is more difficult to deal with, because here we have experts purporting to speak on a subject of which they have special knowledge. But the word "purporting" is here used advisedly; because while they have made a special study of the mind of the

criminal, they have for the most part never given a thought to the reasons why every organized State, from the most barbaric to the most highly civilized, possesses some kind of penal code. They apparently take it for granted (and not a few moralists agree with them) that the aim of the law is to punish a "wicked" man because he "deserves" it. They quite overlook the old Roman maxim, *dis injurias dis curæ*, and the corresponding principle of English law that a purely moral offence, such as adultery, or drunkenness, not in a public place, is a thing with which the criminal law has no concern. They maintain that if an illegal act is done from a motive which in the mind of the doer is a good one (the moralists), or because the doer is so abnormally constituted that he cannot tell right from wrong (the doctors), it should entail no punishment. But the law takes rightly a quite different standpoint.

Having decided that a particular act is injurious to the community, it takes the best means it can find to prevent the commission of that act by attaching a penalty to that act. If the moralist by his teaching, or the physician or surgeon by his treatment, can make people less disposed to commit that act, so much the better; but it is not for the moralist, the physician, or the surgeon to say: "We might, if we had had the opportunity, or if we had done our duty, have prevented this crime; therefore you must not punish it." If the mind of the criminal is so far deranged that he does not, in fact, know what he is doing, the law abstains from punishing him, but usually has him put under restraint so that he shall not offend again. But if he is so far sane that he would not have committed the act if he had known that a policeman was at his elbow, then the law does not admit any mental defect as an excuse. All this, it may be said, has no bearing on the question of whether or not a sane murderer shall be hanged; but it is, unfortunately, a fact that some mental specialists, notably Dr. Bernard Hollander in an article published in THE ENGLISH REVIEW last July, are not content with advocating leniency towards those criminals whose abnormality is sufficient to be generally admitted. They argue that *all* persons guilty of crimes of violence are either so far wanting in

self-control as to be irresponsible, or else of so brutal and callous a nature as to have no fear of death or any other punishment; and that as the mental expert often has difficulty in distinguishing between sane and insane, no one else should presume to do so. But this assumption of abnormality on the part of the murderer is by no means self-evident. To destroy one's enemies is surely among the most primitive instincts; centuries of civilization have done much to drive it into the background, but principally by the infliction of severe punishment on those who presumed to defy the laws of civilization by themselves redressing a wrong or getting rid of a rival. The medical position amounts to a claim to be able to destroy a natural instinct; and the layman may be pardoned for doubting the justice of that claim. In certain recent cases the defence has pleaded "uncontrollable impulse." Such a thing may and does exist in such purely involuntary actions as starting at the sound of a gun; but the epithet "uncontrollable" as applied to an impulse to take a lethal weapon and use it on a vital part of a victim is repugnant to common sense. It is as absurd as the classical speculation as to the result of an irresistible force coming in contact with an immovable body. Every action of a thinking being (even if mentally deranged) is obviously governed by the resultant of all the motives acting on him, and the impulse to kill or wound will not prevail if there is a stronger impulse urging him to refrain; and there can hardly be a stronger restraining motive than the fear of death. This is, in fact, illustrated by a personal experience narrated by Dr. Hollander in support of his own thesis, he having been attacked by an asylum patient who said he intended to kill him, and had no fear of punishment, since he was a certified lunatic. Surely in this case the fear of death would have been a deterrent, if it had not been ruled out by the man's official insanity.

Thus the medical argument shades off into the argument of expediency. Statistics are adduced in evidence on both sides. Dr. Hollander seeks to discount the experience of certain American States, in which the abolition of the death penalty is said to have been followed by a tremendous increase in homicides, by pointing out

that nearly every citizen in those States carries firearms and is apt to use them on the slightest provocation. But this is confusing cause and effect. Firearms are carried because the citizen is not efficiently protected by the State; in other words, because the punishment of criminals by the State is either too lenient or too uncertain. Sir Herbert Samuel, on the other hand, in a recent newspaper article, quoted statistics showing that in some countries the abolition of the death penalty has been followed by a marked decrease in murderous crimes; surely a *reductio ad absurdum* of the statistical method, since it will hardly be suggested that people went out of their way to commit murders for the satisfaction of getting themselves hanged. The diminution in the number of crimes committed in this country since the restriction of capital punishment to cases of treason, murder, and arson in a King's ship or dockyard, etc., is easily accounted for. With the old scale of punishments there was linked a series of legal fictions such as benefit of clergy, the effect of which was that, while an unlucky few were hanged, the majority of criminals escaped altogether; and many took a sporting chance of death or nothing who would not risk the comparative certainty of a term of imprisonment.

In order to arrive at a sound conclusion on this question of expediency, it is necessary first of all to have a clear idea of what is the real object of legal punishment of any kind. To this problem there are four possible answers: (1) to gratify the desire for revenge on the part of the victim of a crime or his friends; (2) to reform the criminal; (3) to restrain the criminal, by direct physical means, from committing further crimes; and (4) to deter the criminal himself and others, by fear of the consequences, from committing similar crimes. The first, though probably the origin of most criminal codes, is now generally discredited; although it still persists in our law in the case of certain minor offences which are left unpunished unless the victim himself sets the law in motion. The second answer, that the real object of punishment is or ought to be the reformation of the criminal, is very widely supported; but if we except detention in reformatories and the like, designed to take young persons out of evil surroundings and train them to be

useful members of society, it may be doubted whether any sentence which could possibly be passed by a court of law (not excepting the suggestion already mentioned of detention under observation with a view to medical treatment) is likely to attain this object. If the third answer is accepted, it is obvious that death is most efficient; but the logical corollary to this is the Draconian method of death for even the slightest offences. It only remains to consider the fourth answer, and whether, to this end, any other form of punishment is preferable to death.

Statistics have already been shown to be of little use for our purpose; but there are possible inferences to be drawn from individual cases. Both Lord Buckmaster and Dr. Hollander argue that because men like Browne and Kennedy commit murder in cold blood, and with full knowledge of the legal consequences, it follows that in their case the fear of death is no deterrent; quite overlooking the fact that when these men murdered P.C. Gutteridge they believed they were safe from detection, and that the event nearly justified them in that belief. But even if it were true that some deliberate murderers do not fear death, there still remains the probability that there are many who do fear it, and refrain from murder on that account only. And there is strong evidence that many persons of both sexes are prepared to face imprisonment and even torture for various reasons, but shrink from certain death. Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, was tuberculous, and clearly bound to die in a short time, when admitted to Brixton Prison Infirmary; but even so, would probably have abandoned his "hunger strike" if his relations had not continually urged him to persist up to a point at which recovery had become impossible. And as soon as MacSwiney's death showed that hunger striking would not bring about release, a number of other prisoners abandoned it. On the day following his death, also, in the course of proceedings at Bow Street Police Court, a letter was read purporting to be written by Sylvia Pankhurst to Lenin, and containing the passage: "I expect six months' imprisonment. I considered a hunger strike, but I am afraid that weapon is destroyed now, since the

Government is letting the Irish hunger-strikers die." On the other hand, Sylvia Pankhurst was one of the leaders of the "militant" Women's Suffrage agitation, which actually required its adherents to show their devotion by "graduating at Holloway." These illustrations go to show that the prospect does really deter one class of criminal (the so-called political), while that of imprisonment has rather the opposite effect.

The mention of political criminals leads us to another consideration, that of the motive at the back of much of the agitation against the death penalty. So long as the legal punishment for treason and murder is death, the Red agitator will have difficulty in finding tools to carry on the "heavy civil war" hoped for by Moscow; once that punishment is reduced to imprisonment for life, there will be no lack of ruffians willing to shoot policemen and other Government servants in the back, secure in the hope that as long as they are alive their friends and paymasters will continue to agitate for their release. And the prospect that they will be released, and thereupon received as heroes, is made almost a certainty by the history of our Government's dealing with such persons during the past century, and down to a few weeks ago, when three train-wreckers of the General Strike had the rest of their sentences remitted, and were met at the prison gate by a crowd with a red flag. Capital punishment has been criticized because it is irrevocable; in some cases that is its outstanding merit.

Sir Herbert Samuel's suggestion of experimentally suspending capital punishment for a time, without formally altering the law, was tried in France between twenty and thirty years ago. President Loubet, as a matter of routine, reprieved a particularly brutal murderer, and in order to retain some vestige of popularity, thought it expedient to bring the experiment to an end.

In conclusion, it is submitted that the main, if not the only, justification of any punishment is its value as a deterrent; that capital punishment is at least as effective a deterrent as can be devised; and that if, in fact, it does not deter, then our whole system of judges, Courts, police, and prisons is a useless and unjustifiable waste of public money.

Retribution

By John C. Moore

Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.—COMMINATION SERVICE.

THE two-roomed hut had been rigged up into a temporary drawing office. An oil-lamp hung from the ceiling above a long table, littered with books and plans and sheets of paper. At this table sat Stanway, a hunched, sprawling figure, with long arms stretched out, describing arcs and drawing lines.

All was still save for the scratch of Stanway's pencil and his occasional dry cough; now and then, from without, came the howl of a jackal, and suddenly, at last, the thud of a horse cantering. The sound of the hoofs approached the hut; someone dismounted, harness clanked, there was the munch of a horse cropping grass.

Stanway appeared not to hear the sounds. He had dropped his pencil and buried his head in his hands. The door opened and he swung round, pale and startled; the hand that had held the pencil went to his hip. Then he uttered an exclamation of relief.

The hand came away limply, almost guiltily.

"Oh, it's Townsend!"

"It is," said the tall man at the open door. "Why, what's up, old man?"

"What's up? Up? What the devil do you mean by 'What's up'?"

"Thought you looked a bit rattled, that's all. The light, I expect."

Townsend shut the door, and pulled a chair across the room. Stanway's voice sounded shaky and querulous.

"Well, sit down. No, not in the light, you're not transparent. And don't interrupt me."

He resumed his drawing, ostentatiously, while Townsend lit a cigarette. Then he spoke again.

"You might offer me one, I think. I've been without tobacco for four days."

The odd, querulous note was more evident this time; the lamp showed up the dark hollows under his eyes and the unnatural flush on his cheeks. He licked his dry lips as he took a cigarette from Townsend's case.

"Thought perhaps you didn't smoke while you worked," said Townsend. "Awfully sorry." A pause. "I took a day or two off from the farm, and rode thirty miles on a lame horse to see you."

"Well, you don't expect me to fall on your neck or anything, do you?"

"No. Your welcome wasn't exactly hilarious. Now, what's the matter?"

"You've asked that once."

"And you didn't answer."

Stanway was sullen now; he did not reply, and stared at the floor.

"Fever," thought Townsend. "Nerves all to pieces; thoroughly frightened, too." He wondered what was the matter. Something more than fever. He hadn't known Stanway for thirty years for nothing. *He* wasn't the fellow to get rattled. And they had gone through half a dozen bouts of fever together, in the Central Provinces——

Stanway's voice, angry now, broke in upon his meditations.

"Staying the night?"

Good Lord! he hadn't ridden thirty miles to pay an afternoon call! And this man wanted looking after. . . . A pal, and half delirious! But he must use tact.

"Well, I intended to."

"Don't want you," said Stanway with decision. "Can't put up with you at any price. Of course, you'd better stay. One can't very well turn people out into the night. Awful nuisance, though. I'm busy. Understand me—busy."

"I won't interrupt you."

"Of course you will. You can't help it."

Here was Townsend's opportunity. One must find out the trouble, and one must be firm.

"I'll make a start, then. I'll ask you a certain question for a third time."

"Hell," said Stanway. "Hell to you, for your

inquisitiveness! Here's your answer, then. I'm broke, I'm ill, my eyes have gone wrong, the three angles of a triangle don't add up to 180 deg., I'm worried to death, and I don't want people like you bothering round me. I want to be left here to die!"

There was a long pause. At last:

"Got plenty of quinine?" asked Townsend quietly.

"Yes, but it does no good at all. . . . Whisky's the only thing, and there's only half a bottle left."

"Thought so."

"How the devil did you know there was only half a bottle left?"

"Sorry, I didn't." Whisky? That was part of the trouble, anyhow. Now to find out the rest. Townsend continued:

"What do you mean about a triangle? Not the Eternal One?"

"No, one of mine. I've been surveying in the forest—on the upper reaches of the river—important Government work. And it's wrong; that's all."

"How much wrong?"

"You're damned inquisitive. Seven degrees in one triangle. The triangle happens to be twenty miles long, so that makes the error in this case four or five miles in the place where it is biggest."

"That's hard luck," said Townsend. "Jolly hard luck. But I shouldn't bother about it now. Bed's the best place for you."

Stanway laughed hoarsely.

"The Survey has to reach Mandalay by next week. It's two months late already. If it doesn't get there soon—well, there are other applicants for the job. . . ."

"Plead illness."

"I've done that twice before. This time might *not* be lucky. They haven't much use for sick men."

"Have a rest, anyway," said Townsend soothingly; "then you can go through your figures again in the morning. Quite possibly, you know, your triangle isn't wrong after all."

"I haven't stared at it for three weeks for nothing."

"Stared at it! Why, that's the very way to make the error seem bigger!"

Stanway staggered to his feet. Suddenly he spoke with determination.

"Well, it's coming right to-night, anyhow."

"That's better; that's the spirit. Thought you were losing heart." So it was just a temporary fit of depression! Good. The chap had guts, evidently. Townsend said:

"I'll just go and put up the horse. Shan't be long."

. . . . .

When he returned Stanway was at the table again, very busy with figures, and muttering to himself.

"Seven degrees divided by three; 2·3 recurring. Subtract two degrees twenty minutes twenty seconds from each angle. Alter the lines to match. Hey, Presto!"

He looked up. "That's done. Right now."

"Don't quite follow you," said Townsend.

"If I were you, I shouldn't try to."

Townsend started. A sickening possibility dawned upon him.

"You don't mean you're—well——"

"Faking it? Yes. That's the naked truth. Sounds better to say 'Closing my eyes to a little inexactitude.'"

"Then your map will still be five miles out?" asked Townsend. "All wrong, anyway?"

Stanway puckered his lips.

"A little distorted."

The thing seemed to Townsend somehow impossible. He visualized those neat, co-ordinated ordnance maps that he had used so many times. There was something solid and certain about them; one could not disprove them any more than one could disprove Shakespeare or the Bible. They were correct.

"But damn it!" he exclaimed. "You said it was important—Government work. They can check you, surely?"

Stanway was laughing again, but bitterly.

"Old boy, I'm not such a fool as I look. If I fake—I fake properly."

He went on to explain that the plan he was drawing did not go to headquarters at all. Only his books and

calculations were sent; the plan was drawn miles and miles away—in some Government office. Having discovered his own error, he could alter the figures and checks in his books. They would agree, so that the work would have all the appearance of completeness and accuracy. There was no question of being found out.

The explanation seemed to Townsend extremely painful. It revealed a new Stanway, no longer the feverish and delirious, half-demoniac invalid; but a man calm and calculating, in full possession of all his senses, though he reeked of whisky and his hand still shook. In any case, the thing was preposterous.

"You can't do it," said Townsend. "There's still the question of playing the game."

"Don't try the High Moral Tone attitude, *please*. I set the dogs on some missionaries only yesterday. Plagued with 'em."

"I'm not preaching; but still, I shouldn't do it."

Stanway's bloodshot eyes met his. Stanway was no longer sullen or afraid.

"Sorry," he said, "but you're unconvincing in the part. I remember rather well—when we were in the same form at Harrow—how we shared a Virgil crib with Featherstonehaugh. He's a parson now. I remember you were dropped on once for copying a piece of French prose out of the book under Old Stinker's nose. Five hundred lines you got, and a bumming. Well, we all did that; and this is the same thing."

Townsend felt his argument breaking up. Hang it all, it was difficult to set one's self up as an example to other people. Difficult, and objectionable, when the other person was a great friend. And there were several black patches in *his* past history: that mad night after an Old School dinner, for instance; and the Johnson girl. Stanway would be bringing that up in a minute. He was a gentleman when he was well, a Pukka Sahib. But now he was all to pieces.

Townsend struggled with his disintegrating argument.

"There's a difference of degree," he said, lamely. "Those school things weren't important. This is."

"Not vastly. Nobody bothers about the old river basin. In a hundred years—fifty perhaps—they may

reclaim it; they may build a city there. They may swear a bit about a forgotten fellow called John Stanway, who made a mistake in 1922 and gave them a little extra trouble. They may talk about crude, old-fashioned methods, and old-fashioned inaccuracy. But your humble servant won't be caring much then."

Townsend felt the logic working on his brain like a drug. He asked himself—what did it matter? He felt himself being drawn down into the chasm, and made a desperate effort to escape. His will rallied for the last time.

"Why not go and survey it again, when you're better? Tell the Government people you've been ill. I'll be a witness, if they want one."

Stanway almost shouted.

"Survey it again? My God, I tell you I wouldn't go there again if my life depended on it. I'd rather die. I'd rather be sacked and disgraced a thousand times! You don't know what I went through in that valley—the fever, and the mosquitoes, and my dicky eyes, and not seeing a white man for long months on end. . . . You don't know that I had a temperature of a hundred and three when I took those theodolite readings—I'm not surprised they're wrong; I knew they would be. And yet you ask me to go through it all again . . . and grin and bear it! I'll see you in hell first!"

Stanway suddenly crumpled up. At last Townsend saw him as he really was—a poor, broken wreck of a man, for whom the East had proved too strong. Townsend's feelings were all of pity now. Humanity was stronger than morality. Stanway was speaking, dully, as if all the life had gone out of him.

"You'll pack those things up and send 'em off for me, won't you, old chap? Shan't be able to get about tomorrow."

Townsend nodded.

. . . . .

The old mare limped as she trotted along the homeward trail on the next day, bearing her weary rider back to his farm. All night Townsend had sat by the bedside where Stanway tossed and raved in delirium. This

morning he was better, but so weak that he could not stand.

Townsend carried slung across his back a little package of books labelled for Mandalay.

II

Townsend looked out from the open door of the little farmhouse on to the fruits of his four years' toil. There was presented a dreary vision of semi-cultivation and unsuccessful tillage. Near at hand a field of maize, woefully stunted and weedy, lay beaten down flat by the recent heavy rains. Beyond, in the thick woodland, was that rubber in which they had misplaced their trust, and which never paid its way.

Townsend's mind wandered aimlessly about the happenings of the last few years. Half a decade had passed since that unhappy occasion of Stanway's fever and the faked plans. Nothing had come of it, and the authorities had displayed a lamblike trust of Stanway's figures. But even now, Townsend could not think of that night without a feeling of guilty shame. After all, was not he an accessory to the fact?

Over there, in the hazy distance, not more than fifteen miles away, was the site of Stanway's hut—the scene of the affair. Townsend wondered if Stanway ever thought or dreamed of that faked plan now. Certainly, he never mentioned the matter; but perhaps it had been the cause, direct or indirect, of Stanway resigning his surveying post and joining him in partnership in the new venture—the clearing and cultivation of an area in the upper basin of the river he had surveyed, which they had found, contrary to Stanway's belief, to contain few swamps, and, in parts, to be free from mosquitoes.

Of course, there had been another important reason —Rose Millington. What was the use, Stanway had asked, of getting married, if one was going to be parted from one's wife nine-tenths of one's time?

So the household consisted of three—Stanway, Townsend, and Rose. All right for Stanway, perhaps, but to Townsend a most unsatisfactory and torturing arrangement. On the hot nights he dreamed wild

dreams about a triangle—at one corner of which stood Stanway, at one corner himself, and at the other corner, cool and tantalizing, the golden-haired Rose; and the triangle was wrong—seven degrees wrong. . . .

Townsend pulled himself up short. Enough of this! Even if he *did* dream at night, he must be practical in the daytime. And besides, Rose was ill; rather worse today, Townsend thought, than she had been for the past week. Why didn't that doctor come? It was time, surely; they had dispatched a messenger post-haste early yesterday morning. But it was a long way, of course, and the roads were rudimentary—as yet.

Suddenly Stanway called from the room.

"George!"

"Yes."

"I say, I wish that doctor would come. He ought to be here by now, oughtn't he?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's a longish way. How is she?"

Stanway took him by the arm.

"Bad. Jolly bad, I think, old man. If only I knew . . . I don't know much about these things. The Ayah seems to think she's all right, but . . . she's hot and feverish . . . George, *ought* she to have a temperature? High, I mean? Good Lord, I wish I knew! Don't know what to make of that Ayah . . . Can we trust her, George? I mean, do you think she knows what she's about?"

Townsend's own misgivings were considerable. Perhaps it would be better to be frank; Stanway was not a frightened child.

"This is how I look at it," said Townsend judicially. "If it's just a normal birth, if everything goes all right—which it should do; I've every hope it will—then the woman will probably manage all right. If not—she's no good at all; we want a surgeon."

"George, why on earth doesn't he come?"

Townsend voiced their common fear.

"Hope that fellow got there all right. I wish now I'd gone myself . . ."

. . . . . .

Night had fallen, with tropical swiftness; the two men sat in the front room, still waiting.

"What does the Ayah think now?" questioned Townsend.

"She talks of Djinns and nothing else; won't do anything. No use at all . . ."

"Don't worry, old chap."

Townsend poured out a whisky-and-soda, but Stanway shook his head.

There was a long pause. Suddenly:

"Did you hear anything?" said Stanway.

Then they both jumped up.

"The doctor!"

. . . . .

The hour that followed seemed twice as long as the preceding three; and when at last the doctor came in to them, there was no need to inquire what had happened. His face told them.

Stanway, white now to the lips, made a pretence of asking. The doctor answered tersely.

"I was too late."

Slowly he unfolded a map.

"I should have been here three hours earlier—in time, probably—but this map's wrong somehow. It showed a ford across the river, and I made for it, only to find that the ford was actually five miles farther up—an Ordnance map, too . . ."

The doctor's voice sounded tired and a little cross.

It was his profession to save life; and though he had grown hardened to these tragedies, it annoyed him to think that some bureaucratic carelessness had prevented him from carrying out his mission. Above all things, he deprecated waste. Here was good life wasted—and not one life, but two.

To Townsend, standing in the corner, there came sudden horrible enlightenment. He stepped across the room, and looked at the map over the doctor's shoulder. It bore the date: "Surveyed in 1922."

And at the same moment he heard a half-articulated groan, and the sound of a man's sobbing.

Stanway had broken down.

The Chandler's Shop

By Charles Pendrill

THE uncommercial wanderer in London may often wonder why it is that chemists make such efforts to sell you a lady's handbag, why hatters fill their windows with umbrellas, and why bootmakers display so many stockings.

It seems reasonable to credit every tradesman with an ambition to multiply the number of commodities he deals in, and it was because in early times one trade exceeded all others in this propensity that the modern, or recent, chandler's shop came into being. The ancient art or "mystery" of the tallow chandlers of London, starting as makers of tallow candles to light the homes of the citizens, gradually added to their stock-in-trade such articles as soap, oil, vinegar, salt, earthenware, brushes, and pots and pans, until their name, losing its original connection with candles, became the distinguishing mark of those little shops on the corners of suburban streets where the miscellaneous wants of the household are supplied.

We first hear of the tallow chandlers under the name of Oynters in the thirteenth century, when they were established in Cheapside. That crowded thoroughfare was in early times more or less an open space and, as its name implies, the great market-place of the City. But by the end of that century it began to assume the appearance of a street by reason of the houses built on either side and occupied by such respectable tradesmen as goldsmiths and saddlers at one end and mercers at the other.

There can be little doubt that this development accounts for the Oynters in 1283 being ordered to clear out and remove to the newly-established Stocks Market, where they would be close handy to the butchers from whom they bought their fat. At this time there were eleven Oynters in Chepe occupying seventeen shops. As the order for their expulsion refers rather to the contents of the premises than to their ownership of them, some

objection to their stock-in-trade is suggested. This, in its turn, suggests soap-making as well as tallow melting, and, indeed, the name of Soper Lane, now Queen Street, first heard in the thirteenth century, when it is described as a new street, implies that soap-making was already included among their activities.

In addition to the fat they bought from the butchers of the Stocks Market, the tallow chandlers also imported pork fat in casks and bales from Spain, for the weighing of which a tron or public balance was set up in 1315. It was decreed by the Mayor in 1362 that the butchers should not send their tallow outside the City for sale, but should sell it to the tallow chandlers at the rate of 18s. for a wey of rough tallow and 22s. for a wey of melted or purified tallow. The wey was to contain twenty-eight cloves.

The reason for this order can be seen in 1474, when a shortage of tallow candles for the homes of the citizens was attributed to the action of the butchers. It appears that a few of their number would collect the fat from their fellow-tradesmen until they had amassed sufficient quantity, and then sell it to strangers from outside the City at a higher price than the tallow chandlers could afford to pay. When this was brought to the notice of the Mayor and aldermen, they decreed that no more fat should be sent out of the City until the tallow chandlers had bought as much as they required and at a price to be fixed by the Mayor. No butcher in future was to melt down his own fat or make it into candles. At the same time the price of tallow candles was fixed at 1¼d. a pound.

It is interesting to observe the fluctuations in the price of such a simple commodity as tallow candles during the course of nearly three hundred years of the Middle Ages, fluctuations due, perhaps, to gradual changes in local conditions in London. In 1300 they were sold at 4d. a pound, while the chandlers were trying to raise their price to 5d., and the authorities, ever on the lookout to cheapen articles of general consumption, were endeavouring to reduce them to 3d. When an order was issued that candles should be sold at the latter price, a tallow chandler was found not only refusing to sell for 3d. a pound, but assaulting a customer who refused to pay more.

By 1362 the price had fallen to 2d. a pound, and by 1474 to 1¼d. In 1487 we find them sold at 1d. a pound, or alternatively at 1s. to 1s. 3d. a dozen, which shows that large ones were used, weighing as much as a pound each. These were used in churches—otherwise than for ceremonial purposes, when the material was invariably wax—and for large houses. The method of lighting a large room was to fix a row of candles on a hanging beam, and these were lighted by means of a long reed or rushlight. For minor purposes tallow candles were also made in smaller sizes, such as twelve to the pound.

By 1507 the price had risen again to 2d. a pound, and by 1561 they once more reached their old figure of 3d.

Early in the fourteenth century we find the tallow chandlers selling vinegar, mustard, and sauce, in addition to candles, and by the end of the fifteenth century they had added to these many other articles of household consumption, such as kitchen utensils, brooms, soap, salt, oil, earthenware pitchers, wooden trenchers, honey, and rushes. Many of these goods they also manufactured themselves.

The early vogue of mustard is attested by the name of Thomas the Mustarder, found in 1276. At that time and for long afterwards it was sold in liquid form. In 1339 the chandlers were sworn at Guildhall to use no bad liquor in the preparation of mustard or sauce. In 1517 we find mustard sold at a penny a quart. The ancient vogue of prepared sauces and the connection of the tallow chandlers with them appears in 1311, when one, Reginald the Chandler, is described as a "sauser," and earlier still, in 1300, when John the Sauser is described as a chandler.

Vinegar was made in early times from cider as well as wine, and was at first a department of the fruiterer's trade. Afterwards, when it got into the hands of the tallow chandlers, they obtained the right to appear at Guildhall to judge all wine which had been seized by the scrutineers as unsound, thus securing the necessary supply of raw material. In the same way, because they dealt in salt, we find them claiming for years the right to oversee the weights and measures used by the salters. The latter strenuously resisted the claim, until in 1419 the question was definitely decided in their favour by William Sevenoak,

the Mayor. The salters sold their product wholesale to the chandlers by the wey of five quarters. In 1518 we find the chandlers retailing white salt at 1s. a bushel and bay salt at 8d. a bushel, while at the same period white vinegar was 2d. a gallon and red vinegar 5½d. a gallon. A century earlier vinegar was sold at 1d. a quart.

The search of oil was granted to the Tallow Chandlers' Company by Queen Elizabeth. In the fifteenth century it was largely used as an illuminant in churches and to light the dark lanes and alleys. In the sixteenth century the lamp which hung in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, cost but 10d., but that which hung in the choir of the neighbouring church, a much more elaborate affair, cost 14s. Lamp-glasses were also used at the same period and could be bought at three for 2d. Oil in the fourteenth century was sold at 1s. 4d. a gallon, falling in the fifteenth to 1s., and later to 10d.

In early times the makers of pots and pans for kitchen use were called Batours, or beaters, but the lighter articles, such as spits, tin spoons, and dripping-pans, were made by the Chapemakers, afterwards amalgamated with the Wiresellers. In the fifteenth century all these articles were sold by the chandlers as also were wooden trenchers. These were frequently used in quite good houses as a substitute for pewter plates. In 1556 ten dozen were in use at Ironmongers' Hall, at which period their cost was a penny a dozen. Among other articles sold by the chandlers in the fifteenth century were honey at 1s. a pottel, or half-gallon, rose-water at 1s. a quart, and rushes at 1½d. a burden. Rushes were much used until quite a late period. It was not until 1646 that bare earth and rushes were disused for the floor of Merchant Taylors' Hall and paving substituted.

The problem of the tallow chandlers as soapmakers in the early period presents some difficulty. Stow says that he never heard of soapmaking in London until about eighty years before he wrote, when one John Lame set up a boiling-house in Gracechurch Street. He adds that before that time soap was brought to the City from Bristol and from Castile in Spain. Bristol soap was a grey colour, speckled with white, and was sold at 1d. or 1¼d. a pound, while black soap was sold at ½d. a pound.

Now, although we find soap among the lists of imports of the fifteenth century, when it was brought over in cases and also in thirty-gallon barrels, the evidence of surnames would suggest that soap was made in London long before that time. In 1300 there appears the name of Walter Sopere, and in 1316, Alan the Sopere. This Alan, or Aleyn, the Sopere was accused of being a dealer in fraudulent metal pots, which were sold cheap, but would come to pieces when put on the fire. The connection between his name and the article dealt in may appear slight until we remember that at the beginning of the sixteenth century the chandlers dealt in both soap and kitchen utensils. The affair seems to carry some suggestion that they may have done the same in 1316.

Perhaps the earliest actual evidence of a soap factory in London is in the fifteenth century, when an old thirteenth-century house in Bishopsgate Street, called the Dolphin, was taken by a tallow chandler and then became known as the Sopehouse, and the lane beside it as Sopehouse Alley. This was on the site of the present Great Eastern Railway Station. An inventory of its contents in 1477 includes a pair of mustard stones, a salt bin, various balances and weights, several tuns for holding vinegar, four melting-pans, candle moulds, and a mould-board. From this we can see that all the varied activities of a chandler were carried on at the premises.

In 1509 there was a soap factory in St. Helen's Alley, Bishopsgate Street, which probably gave name to the former Soaper's Yard, a turning on the west side of St. Mary Axe. In that year its plant consisted of a soap-pan, twelve soap vats with iron taps, a brass ladle, and two soap coolers. The owner mortgaged them for £12, with the proviso that the mortgagee should allow him to enter the premises during the following year to make for himself two bowls of soap from his own materials. In 1511 there was a "sopehouse" near London Wall, the property of Allhallows Church, let by the churchwardens for 6s. 8d. a year. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the soap-houses were transferred by the chandlers to Bankside, among the "Froes of Flanders."

By this time the soap-making industry was in full swing in London, so much so that rules and conditions for

the trade had already been laid down by the authorities. In the seventeenth century one, Lawrence Millow, invented a process for making seed oil, and after preparing a hundred tons offered it to the soapmakers. They, however, contended that the stuff was worse than the commonest fish oil, and was useless for soap-making unless they were allowed to mix it off with train oil, an ingredient at that time forbidden.

It will thus be seen that the tallow chandlers, the original makers of the candles with which early London was lighted, caused their name to acquire a new meaning by a continual multiplication of their stock-in-trade. The extent of this development was such that at one time any tradesman who dealt in several articles became known as a chandler. Thus we have the ship chandler supplying miscellaneous stores to sea-going vessels. The corn chandler was always known in the Middle Ages as a cornmonger or blader, but afterwards the many different cereals he dealt in brought a change of name in accordance with the prevailing fashion in nomenclature. But while the ancient name of chandler survives in none but these two trades, it seems a pity that the name of the chandler's shop is in danger of being superseded by the more imposing "Italian Warehouse" or the non-committal "General Stores."

The Revenant

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

BENEATH a vermilion moon the baobabs showed like black pagodas against the pale blue night, while the thorn trees were ashen silver. From the veldt came uncanny voices, the long-drawn moan of a hyena, the snarling whine of a hunting leopard, and the high metallic bray of grazing wildebeest. Beyond the jungle a great river, inky purple with gleams of fiery orange in its depths, wound among the trees like some silent, deadly creature.

Suddenly the air throbbed and rippled like a shaken, silken curtain under the beat of Swahali war drums and the camp fires within the kraal of that tribe on the river bank made everything light as day.

By twos and threes the men began to gather until they circled the assembly field. Behind them the women and children peered fearfully out from the grass huts where they lived. Then, with a silence as sudden as a blow, the drums stopped, and from the largest of the huts, Yao, king of the Swahali, strode out into the open attended by his bodyguard of picked warriors.

In the firelight he showed a gaunt and fleshless figure, with lantern jaws and dim, bloodshot eyes. Both of the canine teeth in his wide mouth were double the usual length, which not only added an air of wild-beast ferocity to his sinister face, but were also, according to Swahali beliefs, stigmata of the Niambuddas.

Here and there throughout the Dark Continent, traders, missionaries, and explorers have known for centuries that a cult of ghouls exist—terrible perverts who eat the flesh of corpses—legends of whom are found in almost every language. In Nyasaland they are called "Mchwai," on the Sese Islands "Bachichi," in Ukinga "Wasi," and among the Swahali, "Niambuddas." By whatever name known they are feared throughout the length and breadth of all Africa. Not even were lions

and crocodile-maidens, who lure men to their doom in deep waters, so dreaded as are the Niambuddas. According to native beliefs, they have the power of the evil eye and are able to invoke familiar spirits. When recognized, they are never molested, for it is believed that he who kills a Niambudda with his own hand will be haunted all the rest of his days by some terrible spectre of the dead warlock.

As the dark chieftain faced the assembly that night, Unda, his niece, stood behind him. Once her father had ruled the Swahali, and there had been sinister rumours about his death. As if to refute these reports, Yao always had Unda in attendance upon him at every meeting of the tribe, nor, though she was among the most beautiful of the Swahali maidens, did any chief dare ask her hand in marriage.

That night the king had hardly seated himself in State before the royal hut when again the drums rolled out their strange, blood-stirring notes and into the field strode six men, the annual embassy from the Masai, those wild jungle-dwellers who never live in kraals nor sleep under roofs. Unlike the grey-black of the Swahali, their skins were the colour of old gold, and every one of them stood over six feet in height. Each warrior carried in his right hand the deadly throwing-spear of his tribe, with an iron shaft and a four-foot head of edged steel, while in their belts they carried the short stabbing-spear with which a Masai warrior gives such a terrible account of himself at close quarters. Across their shoulders swung the skins of lions killed in single combat, and around their waists showed the tarboss of leopard skin which only the most skilled hunter may wear. Their long silky hair was wound into knots into which were thrust the black feathers of the great harpy-eagle.

To the throb of the drums among the silent warriors and watching women the six strode proudly across the field. As they came before the king, with a simultaneous movement, each man stretched forth his spear in his right hand and let the heavy steel butt drop with a thud to the ground—the royal salute of a Masai warrior. Then the eldest, a giant nearly seven feet tall, stepped forward.

"We come, O king, bringing to you ivory and skins," he said in the Swahali tongue. "We would bear back iron and salt and copper to adorn our women."

For a long minute the king of the Swahali stared at the speaker.

"It is well," he croaked at last. "Let the river-people and the jungle-dwellers live in peace as heretofore and trade each with the other. Is there aught else you would ask of me before we drink?" he went on, as men came forward bearing great beakers of pombe, the native beer with which all Swahali treaties were sealed.

As he spoke the eyes of Unda, looking out from under long fringed lashes, met the glance of the youngest of the Masai chiefs, a boy hardly eighteen, but wearing all the insignia of his dearly-bought manhood. Across the space which separated the two it was as if a spark shot from one to the other or some invisible wave of immeasurable forces had flung them together.

To the bewilderment of his comrades and the intense astonishment of the Swahali, the youth strode forward in all the pride of his new manhood.

"I, Remi of the Masai, ask of you, O king, the maiden at your shoulder for my wife," he said in a voice which rang out like a trumpet.

A great silence fell upon the multitude and the king's fierce eyes burned redly under his black brows.

"What say you to this request?" he questioned, turning to the giant leader of the six. The latter looked at the boy sourly.

"He is a man and a chief, though but recently," he said at last. "Let him speak for himself."

"What do you offer for the maiden?" inquired the king of Remi after another pause.

"All that I have—six large elephant tusks," returned the young chief steadily.

"And will you leave your tribe and come to us and be a river-dweller and live in a kraal and sleep in a hut?" asked the king sardonically.

For an instant the boy's gaze roved away to the edge of the distant jungle; then it returned to where Unda's eyes shone into his.

"I will," he said firmly.

"And what do you say, Unda?" went on the king. "You are of the blood royal and may not be given to any man unwillingly."

Again there was a tense silence, while every member of the great assemblage leaned forward to hear her reply.

"I will be a wife to the stranger," the girl said at last, her face strangely uplifted as she spoke. "Never have I seen him before, but I believe that the gods have given us to each other."

"That remains to be seen," replied Yao, and there was a strange ring to his voice as he turned again to the Masai chief.

"Send me the ivory and return when the moon is full. Then you shall come before the assembly again on yonder point and be taken into the tribe—if it be the will of the gods," and the king stretched his gaunt arm toward a tiny cape known to river-dwellers far and near as the "Point of Dead Men," since it was there that condemned criminals were thrown to the crocodiles.

. . . . .

On the night of the full moon the river showed saffron, bordered with pale beds of great lilies, and swaying plumed papyrus. Here and there great stars were mirrored in the orange-copper water which swirled and flashed as dark forms swam silently through its haunted depths, while river-horses roared from the reed-beds and snorted and plunged as they fed.

As the full moon climbed the sky, great fires lighted up the Point of Dead Men. Only its farther end, where the topaz water lapped against the bank, was half-hidden by wreaths of drifting mist. Once again the great drums throbbed with that low and maddening lilt which at the last possesses soul and body of those who listen too long. Then they stopped, and in the sudden stillness the king seated himself under the judgment-tree with his body-guard behind him. At his shoulder again stood Unda, but that night she was resplendent in the cloth of gold which the Swahali alone can weave and which only those of royal blood may wear. Her slim waist was girdled with a strip of raw silk of that lost and lustrous purple whose secret was supposed to have passed with Tyre,

but which is still preserved here and there by Arab dyers along the shores of the Red Sea. Against the piled-up mass of her murky hair gleamed a circlet of uncut rubies which had belonged to her dead father, and which Yao had never known before that she possessed.

Then, as upon the former evening, the air throbbed again with the beating of the drums, and straight toward the judgment-tree came the young Masai chief. Unattended this time, he was dressed as before save that his only weapon was the short-handled spear thrust into his leopard-skin girdle. Through the silent crowd he came, the eagle feathers quivering above his proud head and the lion-skin swinging from his shoulders, until he stood before the king. For a moment he stared into Yao's vulture eyes. Then his gaze fixed itself upon the face of the girl beyond, lighted as if with some inner radiance.

For a moment the king regarded the young chief with a look of cynical cruelty.

"The Swahali are the People of the River," he said at last in his hoarse, grating voice. "You are from the jungle. Tonight shall we try whether the gods of the river be propitious toward you."

At a signal from the king, the chief witch-doctor of the tribe, hideously masked, his naked figure smeared with black and red clay and wearing a dangling necklace of human finger-bones, stepped forward. In one hand he held a hollow horn stained a deep red.

"Take this sacred vessel to the river's edge," he directed in a voice cold and hard as iron. "Fill it full of the golden water of the Zambesi and pour it forth as a libation at the feet of the Great One who sitteth here."

As he finished speaking a great sigh went up from the listening multitude. Not for gold, love, or life would any man there have approached those waters of death which lapped at the Point of Dead Men.

As the young Masai chief grasped the crimson-stained horn and turned toward the river, Unda sprang forward stretching out trembling hands toward him.

"No, no," she cried in a dreadful voice. "It is death. What does one of the jungle know of our river? Go not, O Remi!"

The boy halted in his stride.

"Not if he be afraid," said the king silkily, with a sneer on his grim face. At the word the boy started indignantly.

"A Masai warrior fears nothing," he said proudly, and strode toward the dark, mist-shrouded water which lapped and gurgled at the bank beyond. Unda screamed again but, at a signal from the king, one of his body-guard held her arms while another clasped a hand across her mouth.

In silence the great multitude watched the young warrior move toward the river, nor was there another voice raised to warn the outlander and stranger who had presumed to aspire to the hand of a Swahali princess of the blood.

Far away from the edge of the jungle came the cry of a bush-baby, like the wail of a lost child; and except for that sobbing note there was no sound as the boy went down the dark path.

Before him the topaz river stretched away without a ripple, a sheet of tawny satin. Then, as he stooped to fill the hollow horn, a pair of monstrous jaws gaped before him like a grave above the surface. There was the gleam of terrible yellow eyes, and the next instant double rows of the conical pointed teeth of a huge crocodile snapped like a trap of death on his arms, holding him fettered and helpless. Then the great head sank back into the lurid depths and the chief of the Masai was gone. Of the courage and the strength and the love of that pulsing young life remained but a few bubbles floating on the stream.

The tense silence was broken by the hoarse and croaking voice of the king.

"It is clear," he chuckled, "that the gods of the river do not mean that this young warrior shall join our tribe."

Even as he spoke the mists rolled back and a great cry went up from the watching people. Before their eyes the tawny-tiger depths boiled like a pot as out upon a little sand-bar crawled the crocodile with the body of the Masai chief still in his jaws. As he came up from the water he appeared such a monster as might have lived in the days when reptiles ruled the earth. Over twenty feet in length, his black and bloated shape was a good ten feet around at the shoulder and was ridged with rows of

spines and grey with caked mud, while his serrated tail was like some vast double-edged saw.

In accordance with the prejudice of his clan against fresh meat, the crocodile had selected the bar as a convenient place to cache the body of his victim until sufficiently high to suit his taste. When at last it was disposed of to his satisfaction, the great reptile waddled across the bar and disappeared in the depths of the river.

Another shout went up from the watching crowd as they saw the figure on the sand suddenly move, raise its arm and try to rise, only to fall back again half-conscious.

At the sight, Unda tore herself from the grasp of her guards and dashed down to the end of the point where, protected from the crocodiles by a boom of logs, the fishing boats of the tribe were kept. Before anyone could stop her she had launched a canoe, sprang into it, and in another moment was paddling toward the bank where lay the helpless body of her lover.

Not another woman and few men of the tribe would have ventured on that fatal river by night, and not for any reward that could have been offered would the bravest warrior or the most daring hunter have attempted to snatch away its prey from the grim demon of the river which had just disappeared beneath the water. Well they knew that although its victim appeared to have been left unguarded, the crocodile would be lurking near by ready to prevent any rescue that might be attempted.

Paddling with quick skilful strokes the girl drove the little craft toward the sand-spit where Remi was again moving aimlessly as he struggled back to consciousness. Then, when the little craft was only a few feet from the bar, a vast black shape slipped through the water just ahead of the canoe, gripped the prostrate man like the shadow of death and disappeared with him into the depths.

Without a sound the girl swung the canoe around and started back to the bank which she had just left. Aroused by the rush of the great crocodile through the water with his prey, a score of other dark figures surrounded her boat. On every side evil eyes gleamed through the tawny water and monstrous shapes opposed her way. Yet the crocodiles, which could have capsized

her frail craft with one touch of their great bodies, scattered before the prow of her canoe and dived deep beneath the foam of her swift paddle-strokes. It was as if death itself made way before her despair. With a face dreadful as that of a Medusa, she sprang out upon the shore and confronted the king.

"Niambudda," she cried, and the name came from her distorted mouth like the hiss of a snake, and many a man there trembled to hear shouted what few had even dared to whisper. At the forbidden word the king started back as if struck, and his eyes gleamed like red coals.

"It is not fortunate to speak thus," he said at last in a grating, dreadful voice. "There be worse deaths to die than in the river."

"I care not," shrieked the girl again. "Kill me, if you will, as you did my father before me, and with my last breath I will denounce you as a murderer, a ghoul, and a fiend from Hell."

At a signal from the king, two giant executioners, who always stood near him to do his dreadful bidding, stepped forward and seized the girl, while the people looked on in terrified silence. At their touch Unda struggled unavailingly.

"Remi, Remi," she screamed despairingly, as they led her away.

"Louder, louder," chuckled the king in evil merriment. "It is hard to hear through five fathoms of running water."

Even as he spoke, his filmy eyes protruded from his head and his jaw dropped with a look of horror. Involuntarily the crowd before him turned toward where he was staring, and a gasp of utter fear went up from the whole assemblage, as from behind the low-hanging boughs came the dripping figure of the chief whom every man there had seen disappear beneath the river fifteen minutes before. It still wore the great stabbing spear of the Masai, but the lion skin and the nodding eagle feathers were gone.

As the tall figure with the staring eyes stalked up from the water toward the king, it was small wonder that his bodyguard, hardened man-killers though they were, fled away, leaving Unda free and staring with all her soul in her eyes at the shape which she had invoked.

Slowly, menacingly it moved toward the king, who stood up, his face suddenly the colour of ashes.

As the clay-covered shape stalked forward without pause, without hesitation, the Swahali ruler suddenly drew from under his rooi-kat robe that secret amulet which every Niambudda is reputed to possess—the "Hand of Power," a dried and withered human hand prepared according to a certain magical formula and supposed to safeguard the owner against all powers of evil. Only the desperation of utter fear would have made the king reveal this secret of his shame to the watching people. Stretching out the dread symbol, Yao muttered words in a strange tongue, perhaps some formula known only to his sinister order.

Neither the charm nor the exorcism prevailed against the spectre-like shape which stalked inexorably toward him. As it came closer, it drew the great stabbing spear from the leopard-skin girdle as if ready for the ripping uppercut of a Masai spearsman.

Before the threat of the spear and the menace of those fixed and staring eyes the Swahali king shrank back. Step by step he retreated before the advance of the other toward the river which showed behind him like a yellow diamond.

Suddenly, when the two were hardly ten feet from the gleaming water, dropping the point of its spear, the dripping figure sprang like a panther directly at the king.

With a hoarse shout the latter leaped backward almost to the edge of the river and had turned to escape along the bank when the fate that had been following his blood-stained life overtook him. There was the squattering rush of a vast black body up the bank, a sweep of a scythe-like tail, and the next instant the king of the Swahali people was struggling in the stream. For a moment a dreadful vulture-like face contorted with rage and fear showed above the water and then disappeared for ever.

Even as that dark and deadly life passed out, the figure of the Masai warrior turned toward where the Swahali princess stood. For long and long the two, ringed around by a crowd of unseen spectators hidden among the shadows, looked deep into each other's eyes.

It was the girl who spoke first.

"Are you truly a living man, O Remi?" she whispered doubtfully.

"None else, my princess," returned the young chief so low that only she could hear. "The monster thought me dead and hid me far up under the bank above the river," he went on, moving closer to her as he spoke. "When at last life came back to me, he was gone and the moon shone on my face through a wide crevice where the bank had fallen away. There I lay, unknowing whether I were living or dead, until your call—the rest you know."

There was a silence so deep that, faint and far away, they heard the cry of the lapwing as it beat back and forth through the scented sky above the distant forest.

"Ah, love of my life," whispered the Masai again, "come with me to the jungle and live under the open sky and leave these cruel people for ever."

There was a moment of silence and then, with that light in her eyes which through all time has illumined the darkness of human life, the woman stretched out her arms to the man.

"Take me," she said in the language of another woman of long ago. "Where you go I will go, and your people shall be my people."

Away from the haunted river, away from the silent, watching people, the two moved on and on through the last light of the moon; and as they disappeared in the dim green darkness of the jungle, from overhead came again the wild sweet call of the circling lapwing.

Romance

To a Birch Tree in Morayshire

By Helen B. G. Sutherland

BRIGHT from the heather moors
Rose up Romance,
And charmed the hearts of two in golden trance
Till they must make
The longed-for pilgrimage
By night, and see
How straight upon the hill-top stood the tree
No storms could break.

The dark pines bent their heads
As they passed by;
Romance sailed upward through the evening sky;
No cloud she found
To dim her shining lamp,
And on the two
A net of bright bewilderment she threw—
And they were bound.

Alone, 'mid bracken fronds
And heather flowers
The slender tree had bent to storms and showers;
Courageous still
It crowned the windy crest.
From far below
They saw it—and they knew their way must go
On, up the hill. . . .

It was a little hill,
Nor strove to pierce
With craggy summit, bleak, untamed and fierce,
The skies of night.
It was no rough ascent—
Yet, of the twain
Who pilgrimaged, did one alone attain
Its utmost height.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Sport and Mammon

"A RARE old row they're kicking up about them professional footballers," remarked Heddle.

"I've been noticing that," said Sergeant Murphy.

"It says here," continued Heddle, indicating the newspaper he held in his hand, "that they'll soon be paying twenty thousand pounds for a professional."

"And why shouldn't they?" said the Sergeant. "They won't pay it because they like his face or because he's kind to dumb animals. They'll pay it because they think he'll dhraw a gate."

"Sounds like slavery to me," said Heddle. "Just like buying——"

"Heddle," interrupted the Sergeant, "be a man and don't talk about buyin' flesh and blood. If some owner was to offer Carslake five thousand quid down to quit his present job and ride for him, would you say he'd bought Carslake's flesh and blood? That's the sort of thripe you get from 'Clean Sport' and 'Soccer Enthusiast' and other sob-writers that sthruggle into the correspondince columns of the papers.

"The throuble all arises from the fact that professional football isn't a sport—it's an entertainment. When annything from fifty to wan hundhred thousand people will pay money to watch twinty-two men lepping about on a field, it's no more a sport than bull-fightin'. It's a spectacle. If the Mad Hatters' Acrobatic Throupe, instead of playin' twice nightly at a music-hall, were to give a show on Saturday afternoon at Stamford Bridge would annybody bleat that the box office receipts gave each Hatter a bigger wage than an acrobat's entitled to?

"Mind you, I'm a Rugby man meself—the nearest thing to a free fight that the law permits, but the high-souled critics of the professional Soccer player give me a pain. If a man's gullet is shaped in a particular way, he becomes a professional singer and is welcome at Lady Golightly's Thursdays. If his legs are a little bandy, his wind is good, and his head is of oak, he becomes a professional footballer and loses caste. Now, why shouldn't he get the biggest sum of money he can exthract from the

firm that's employin' him? Money is the whole thing in League Football—a sine-qua-nobody.

"And League Football isn't the only alleged sport where old man Mammon is in charge. There's tennis-players that can indulge in their favourite game all the year round from Monte Carlo to Manchester on private incomes equal to that of an old-age pensioner, and still be proud of their amachoor status. And some Rugby players, they tell me, show no indignation whin they're puttin' on their football boots and a couple of five-pound notes is found in thim.

"You can't get away from it, Heddle. Big gates mean big money, and big money always means that there's pickin's for somebody. It's the same whether you're a professional boxer or an amachoor 'hot gospeller.'

"But the fellahs at the head of Soccer football are the wans that make me laugh. To hear thim talk you'd think that professional footballers were high-brow heroes with a mission—like Joan of Arc. Wars, famines, and earthquakes may intherest the frivolous and light-minded, but a League match is a serious matter that may influince the histhory of the nation for all time.

"Listen to this, Heddle.

"Cardiff wins the Association Cup, say, with four Scotchmin, three Englishmin, wan Irishman, a Jugo-Slovakian, and two from other obscene races that read their names from right to left. The only wan with a Welsh qualification is maybe the thrainer, and thin only through a fondness for Welsh rarebit. All the same, the success is hailed as a Welsh thriumph; the saucepan ballad is chanted be three-fourths of Cardiff; the Eisteddfod is delivered of another pome; and Misther Lloyd George pauses in the midst of some rough stuff he's handin' out to Misther Baldwin or 'Jix' to point out that the sun of Liberalism is burstin' through the clouds that beset the fair hills of Wales whateffer, and that safe-guardin' of industhries would have kept thim fancy races out of the Welsh team. And all because Cardiff money has bought the right min."

"There's one pure sport," remarked Heddle. "I mean the Boat Race."

"Yes," answered Sergeant Murphy. "There's no gate money there—as yet."

History and Fantasy

By Horace Shipp

Such Men are Dangerous. By Alfred Neumann. Adapted by Ashley Dukes. (Duke of York's.)
The Vikings at Helgeland. By Henrik Ibsen. (Old Vic.)
The Master Builder. By Henrik Ibsen. (Everyman.)
Thunder on the Left. By Richard Pryce. (Kingsway.)

THEATRICALLY the month has been Ibsen's. Not in those exalted regions of the West where the Dickens's Fat Boy theatre "wants to make your flesh creep," but out at Hampstead, at the Old Vic. on the Surrey side, and, before this article appears, with the production of *John Gabriel Borkman* at Kew. Immediately we are faced with these plays we realize how masterly his hand is. Even in *The Vikings*, one of the earliest of Ibsen's works, when he was still held to the straight story, we can listen to undertones of philosophy, studies of the conflict between strength which knows its purpose and weakness which clings, between the truth though it blast and the easy compromise of the lie. The swift action, the killing, the vengeance—all the fierce, passionate movement of the sagas gives a stage story which holds us as surely as any thriller; the insight into humanity has the promise of that subtlety which characterizes the later plays; and through all there runs that preoccupation with the great forces which truly are the fates in human destiny.

The Old Vic. company are to be congratulated upon presenting the play. As production it leaves little to be desired, and with Owen Smyth's scenery and costumes it gets every ounce of spectacular value from the highly coloured period. Miss Esmé Church scores in the magnificent part of Hiördis and Mr. John Laurie as Sigurd, but the whole company were in the picture Ibsen had provided. If there were cause for criticism, it would be that the Ornulf of Mr. Percy Walsh was at times inarticulate, and this fault was emphasized by the sound of the waves which held throughout two scenes and should have been orchestrated to allow for the speeches to get over clearly.

It was just this lack of inner significance which left us a little unsatisfied after seeing *Such Men are Dangerous*. History was here, colour, movement, and one big man

working a great intrigue. With such elements the story held, but other than faithfully (or in one important particular unfaithfully) recounting this passage of history under Paul I of Russia it does nothing. One goes to see Matheson Lang, and his Count Pahlen is a memorable piece of acting. It is, indeed, a piece for the theatre of the actor-manager; the other characters scarcely are in the round at all, and the Baroness played by Miss Isobel Elsom gave her very little opportunity save to look beautiful. Mr. Robert Farquharson's macabre study as Paul was masterly; with so terrible and unsympathetic a character he managed to ally that pity which gave inner conflict to the story. A word has to be said about the excellent lighting and Mr. Aubrey Hammond's *décor*, which was among the best of recent stage work.

Turning again to Ibsen, we have an unqualified masterpiece in *The Master Builder*, like a treble fugue in literary technique, its themes woven and interwoven, appearing and reappearing on their separate planes. Personal, social, metaphysical, this story of the man who once built churches, then built homes, but dreamed of building homes with towers; of the idealist who turned dizzy on his own heights; of the conflict between the old and the new—with all the exquisite truth to detail both of the outward story and of the symbolism, *The Master Builder* is Ibsen at his best. It is an augury that the production at the Everyman Theatre is so successful as to necessitate extending the run of the play. If the Everyman can give us these adventures among masterpieces it will make theatrical history. The play is not a subject for criticism; it can only be accepted, and those who do not take the opportunity of seeing it are to be condoled with.

The fourth play on my list has so much that is good in it that it brings us up against a score of interesting theatrical problems to decide why it is not greater than it proves to be. In *Thunder on the Left*, Mr. Christopher Morley wrote a fantasy of a child whose wish to learn whether adults were really happy was granted. He is projected into the adult lives of the children who gather at his tenth-year birthday party, only to find them grown dull, disillusioned, bored and unfaithful. He sees his

adult self there fighting a losing battle of loyalty to his wife, and in love with the adult personality of his childhood friend, Joyce. Mr. Pryce has essayed the dramatic presentation of this difficult idea. The very difficulty makes it interesting, for it necessitates a framework of fantasy, gives a rare opportunity for acting and, in the writing, for comment upon life.

At first glance the theme looks Barriesque, but the pessimistic implications we are allowed to glimpse before Joyce breaks the spell and sends Martin back into childhood are unlike Sir James's easy optimism. In one scene the methods of realism are assailed from a new quarter in that we are allowed to hear that dialogue of the subjective which left the stage with the passing of the old aside and has occasionally returned to it in the works of such advanced dramatists as Eugene O'Neill, whose new work, *Strange Interlude*, has used this method throughout. In short, *Thunder on the Left* is the sort of play which stupid people, who regard it as an insult if they are asked to think at all in the theatre, always designate " a funny thing." Even these folk, however, tend to be intrigued by the humour, the charm, and a certain sentimentality inevitable to the theme. They are also held by the good acting and production. Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore, Lawrence Anderson, and Angela Baddeley carry through the intricacies of the fantasy. Most fascinating of all, from the view-point of acting technique, is the difficult part of Martin, the ten-year-old mind which, disguised in an adult body, intrudes into their world. Mr. Bramwell Fletcher must enormously enjoy a part which demands so much of him, and he fulfils it in a way which augurs well for his future. *Thunder on the Left* must be seen if only for the sake of seeing him surmount difficulties.

Charm, interest and fantasy granted, however, *Thunder on the Left* remains, from the highest view-point, unsatisfying. It needs a Blake to bring the vision of innocence to the world of experience, and it is here that the work lacks any depths of philosophy. Its philosophical content is sentimental and conventional. That is where we turn to such men as Ibsen and find deep satisfaction and a drama of realities.

The Songs of Frederick Delius

By Hermon Ould

MR. FREDERICK DELIUS was born in 1863, in Bradford, Yorkshire. His parents were German, his father a merchant who settled in England. The blood of the Deliuses cannot claim to be undiluted, the family being apparently of Dutch origin. All the composer's early life was spent in Yorkshire, and one of his most inspired compositions, "Brigg Fair," has its emotional source in early memories, awakened, it may be, by the Dorian folk-tune which Mr. Percy Grainger collected in Yorkshire and gave him.

But it would be idle to try to maintain that Delius's work is essentially English. It is neither that nor essentially of any other nationality. His songs—which are but a fraction of his large output—reveal a cosmopolitanism which is entirely unconcerned with nationality. In choosing words for musical setting he has shown a preference for the acknowledged best—Verlaine, Shelley, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Björnson—with occasional excursions into the works of lesser-known Scandinavian poets. Scandinavia, indeed, and particularly Norway, has always attracted him, and among the minor influences which shaped his course, Grieg takes a prominent place.

The chronology of his songs is not easy to determine, dates of publication bearing no apparent relation to dates of composition. The "Five Lieder," from the Norwegian, are not dated at all, but were certainly among his earliest attempts at writing songs. The words are by Björnson, Kjerulf, and other Norwegian poets, but are given in German and English versions only. Each of these unpretentious little songs is in its way charming, but gives little hint of the power for individual expression the composer afterwards developed. They are cast in the usual German *Lieder* mould, with a touch of Grieg's influence here and there. Perhaps "Sehnsucht" claims the most attention. The persistent beating of the F natural towards the end of the first strophe, bridging

the two sections of the verse, is moving and is an early indication of the power to evoke dramatic feeling of which later work gives many examples. The "Slumber Song" and "The Nightingale" (which are also issued separately) are both attractive little songs, and it is surprising that they are not sung more generally. Perhaps the stilted English words are an impediment. Why do translators of songs always feel it incumbent upon them to be "poetic"? What the Norwegian words of "The Nightingale" are I do not know, but I am puzzled that the direct statement of the German: "Kannst Du mir bringen die Ruh? Frieden im Herzen dazu?" should have to be turned into this sort of pseudo-poetry:

Wilt thou not bring me as guest
Peace in my bosom to rest?

In these five little songs Delius employed a normal melodic line which is easy to sing, and the angularity which distinguishes a good deal of his later work and distresses so many well-intentioned singers is not even hinted at. In another early song (dated 1897), "Den Lenz lass kommen" ("Let Springtime come then"), the singer is not so gently dealt with. The vocal line takes its place as a contributive element in the whole composition and the accompaniment is by no means subordinated to it; but in the other "Five Songs" (Universal Edition), published in 1906, but presumably written much earlier, the composer's concern is again chiefly with the singer, whom he supports with accompaniments, properly so-called, which could not be detached from the melody as many of his later accompaniments might be. (It may be said in passing, however, that Delius has never written an accompaniment which is not in itself interesting and pleasing to the ear.)

The Scandinavian influence has generally tended towards simplicity, and the emotional content of these five songs, the words of which are translated from the Danish, is always forthright and uncomplex. The first of them, "The Violet," is altogether delightful in its naïveté and directness, and so is the graceful "Silken Shoes"; while the Eastern flavour of "In the Garden of the Seraglio" is more delicately transmitted than is usual with songs of this type. The gently flowing

"Autumn" has several of the characteristic Delius progressions and is not without a tendency to let the piano part take its own course independently of the vocal; but the fifth song, "Irmelin," a ballad in subject and in form, is a fairly straightforward piece of writing which should present no difficulties to a competent singer. Entirely simple in structure and execution is "The Homeward Way"—a little masterpiece of restrained sentiment musically expressed. It has the inevitableness of a folk-song, yet delights the ear with some charming modulations. It is puzzling that a song which has the triple merit of being good music, tuneful and easy to sing and play, should not have found its place in the average singer's repertory. The English words again bear little relation to the German, but they are at least singable.

In two of the three Ibsen songs, Delius shows his dramatic power, the "Minstrel" recalling Schubert's "Erl King," not because of the repeated octaves with which it opens, but on account of the feeling of suspense which is aroused at once and held as long as the composer wishes to maintain the tension. "The Bird's Tale," an elaborate song, with some attractive but not too easy work for the pianist, has a vocal line which the inexperienced singer will not find easy to cling to in defiance of the somewhat complicated accompaniment, but, having mastered it, he will rejoice in its fine sweep and the splendid ecstasy of the last verse. The ecstatic note is one which Delius often strikes. It rings out finely in the setting of Shelley's "Indian Love Song," the gentle opening lilt of which is presently transformed into a tumult of passionate feeling, rising to a splendid climax. In this song, as in some others, the composer plays pranks with the words, repeating what Shelley was content to say once; but in the song the descent from over-charged emotion to the tranquillity of exhaustion is musically so satisfying that one is prepared to forgive the meaningless repetition of the phrase "Where it will break at last." The two other songs from Shelley, "Love's Philosophy" and "To the Queen of my Heart," also supply that white-hot passion, sublimated and etherealized till it seems to have nothing earthy about it, which Delius so well understands and so finely expresses. The writing

for the piano is sometimes awkward, and it need not be denied that the singer has a hard task; but modern English song-writers rarely give him one better worth accomplishing.

Hearing Delius's work at intervals, one might be disposed to imagine that its range was not especially wide. His idiom is so marked that one song of his inevitably recalls another, and it is only when one has an opportunity of examining a number of compositions in close succession that it is possible to appreciate the variety and scope of his art. For instance, although his individuality is stamped as clearly on one as on the other, nothing could offer a greater contrast to the Shelley songs than the Verlaine songs. The rhapsodical luxuriance of the English poems gave the composer a chance to express one important side of his genius; the Verlaine poems reveal another. Here the contemplative quality so often manifested in his larger works is allowed utterance. "Il pleure dans mon cœur" and "Le ciel est par-dessus le toit," the slightly bitter, slightly cynical outburst of the melancholy and disillusioned poet, have often been put to music, but never more subtly than by Delius. Like the poems themselves, the music is somewhat attenuated, somewhat artificial, but, again like the poems, full of beauty and atmosphere. The slightly onomatopoetic figure in the second song, referring to the "oiseau sur l'arbre," repeated in the last phrase, "de ta jeunesse," is a cunning touch. A much more vigorous piece of onomatopœia occurs in the jolly setting of Henley's "The Nightingale has a Lyre of Gold," wherein the birds sing almost of the time. It is interesting to note how French the setting of the French poem is. "La Lune Blanche" and "Chanson d'Automne" (both Verlaine) are conceived with that careful economy of means, never giving two notes where one will do, which is so typical of French art, and, one might almost add, of French character. Not that Delius's idiom is French. An occasional suggestion of Ravel is sometimes to be observed, but nothing more. In these French songs, owing perhaps to their more contemplative character which gives one more time to savour it, the composer's peculiar gift for unusual harmony is shown. He combines notes in a way

which nobody before him did, and produces lovely sounds which give sheer sensuous delight.

Remote again in feeling from the Verlaine songs is the moving " I Brasil " (Fiona Macleod), which miraculously employs the characteristic chromatic Delius idiom yet perfectly conveys the Celtic lilt and profoundly melancholy atmosphere. This is a beautiful song. Delius is commonly serious and even solemn, but occasionally he exploits a lighter vein. " Sweet Venivil," one of three Björnson songs, is a light-hearted little song with an accompaniment more original than the melody.

In striking contrast are the four Nietzsche songs, of which, I confess, I can make very little. They are brief pieces of declamation, and have the appearance of having been chipped off a longer work. I get the impression that it was less their suitability for musical treatment than a sympathy with their philosophy which induced the composer to set them; but the result is a dubious success. The work seems to be more the outcry of one struggling against his weakness than the exultation of one conscious of his strength.

The four Old English Lyrics make no attempt to imitate an ancient idiom. Never has Delius been more Delius than in these songs, which have all those arbitrary departures from conventional harmony associated with his name, and a failure to employ the obvious intervals in the vocal part which the average singer would regard as perverse; yet there is something peculiarly English about them. " So White, So Soft, So Sweet is She," the simplest of them in conception, and the easiest to play and sing, has a rare delicacy. " It Was a Lover and His Lass " meanders through a variety of keys, and is probably the most individual setting of words which have been set time and time again. There is a strange wistfulness about it the words do not usually evoke. " Spring, the Sweet Spring " is very bright, very English, and very Delius, and " To Daffodils " is one of the most charming of his songs.

Whether Delius has been more self-critical than other composers, winnowing before publishing, I cannot say. All I can say is that among all his songs I have found none which I would have wished suppressed.

Books

ANTHOLOGIES

GREAT POEMS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: AN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE IN ENGLISH FROM CHAUCER TO THE MODERNS. Compiled by WILLIAM ALVIN BRIGGS. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

THIS is one of the "omnibus" volumes which supply an unusual amount of print under one cover. Here, in fact, are 1,508 pages, and we can congratulate Mr. Briggs on the wisdom and width of his selection. He has been well treated by owners of copyrights and deserves his chances. We have looked for charming things often missed, like FitzGerald's "Meadows in Spring," and Lamb's "Old Familiar Faces," and found them. "The Celestial Surgeon" can be read as well as Emerson's "Brahma," which is oddly omitted in some collections of his verse. "Mimnermus in Church" stands by the "Heraclitus" of Cory. T. E. Brown is presented in three pieces; that is something in recognition of a poet who has not yet found his true place.

We should have excluded well-known passages from Shakespeare's drama like "To be or not to be," which are not poems, to find room for more genuine work such as Lockhart's verses on the future life; and we think it wrong not to give poets the titles of their pieces, such as that attached, for instance, to Samuel Butler's Sonnet on Immortality. Whenever extracts are made, readers will differ as to their potency standing alone; but we are not inclined to grumble, since Mr. Briggs has given us many good pieces of the less-known sort that we are glad to re-read, besides over seventy pages of Shelley and twenty-nine of Keats. We cannot boast an acquaintance with all the moderns included, in particular those of the United States. Where we do know their work, it has not often struck us, we fear, as memorable, a "possession for ever," as Thucydides says. It is pretty rather than great. Some of it is too evidently founded on earlier models. Thus Mr. Clement Wood's "To Aphrodite: with a Mirror" is merely a variant on Prior's quatrain, which is itself a translation. Countee Cullen, whose muse can run for twenty lines without a full stop, is evidently immature. A crowd of sonnets and little elegancies on life, due to these moderns, appeal to us less than, say, Johnson's homely verses on his old friend Levett. We observe, however, that Mr. Briggs has spared us the task of reading some admired incoherencies of today, which could only be great in the kingdom of Laputa.

A pleasant feature of the book is the praise of poets by poets.

Thus we can read what Tennyson says of Chaucer, Swinburne of Landor, and Arnold of Emerson. The three indexes—of titles, authors, and first lines—make reference very easy and are notable because some otherwise good editions of poets fail in this way.

V. R.

ENGLAND IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY. By G. B. HARRISON. Methuen. 6s.

THIS is not the first anthology of the period, but Mr. Harrison has wisely made it a collection of typical Elizabethan thought rather than a survey map of life, and has given us unusual things like Bacon's opening of the case for the Crown in the Overbury murder. It happens that we have a large amount of information from the discontented about scoundrels, vagabonds, and those who have done better than themselves; and this may lead, as the Introduction remarks, to an exaggerated idea of the disillusion of the age. Mr. Harrison's ideas on caricature are sound, but he has slipped in referring to Cruickshank's illustrations of "Pickwick." The section on "Religion" shows an Englishman undaunted by all the persuasions of the Inquisition; an epigrammatist exposing a "pillar" who is also a "piller" of the Church; and the pedantic learning of King James on fairies. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Harrison has used his knowledge and taste to good purpose. His notes are always to the point. We hope that other instalments of the "English Life in English Literature" series will be as well equipped.

THE ECSTASIES OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Chosen by THOMAS BURKE. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

ANTHOLOGIES are not, some argue, desirable when one can go to the original sources and make one's own choice. The long row of De Quincey's writings, however, is largely and rightly forgotten. He was full of poor humour, spiteful comment, and pretentious learning which we do not wish to read again. He lives by that imperial purple of language which he wore so splendidly, his passages of impassioned feeling and dreamy rhetoric; and Mr. Burke has made a capital selection of these, which reminds us that so good and severe a judge as Tennyson found here the greatest prose in English. The introduction traces De Quincey's haunts in London, on which Mr. Burke is an authority, and lays stress on the mysteriousness of his character—a feature we recognize, though we do not find it in Dickens. The merits of opium in some cases are pleaded fairly enough, and certainly it does not shorten life as other drugs do.

The appendix reconstructs out of an old newspaper of the time the real details of the murder De Quincey made famous for lovers of thrills, and dwells fancifully, as he might have done, on the significant names of murderers.

FICTION

THE CHILDREN. By EDITH WHARTON. Appleton. 7s. 6d.

BRILLIANT and amusingly satirical, this book has also that subtlety in discovering the nuances of human relationships which is Mrs. Wharton's secret. She has dealt before with the troubles of American married life, but never so pointedly with the possible results of rapid and frequent divorce. The complications read like a farce. Here are the Wheaters, a rich and pleasure-loving couple, come together again, and they are too heartless and self-engrossed to be bothered with the management of the children—seven in number—who have accrued from their various unions. So the eldest, Judith, a girl of fifteen, keeps the flock together with the aplomb of an adult. In many ways an innocent child, she has acquired from her knowledge of Lido loungers a startling candour and shrewdness. She talks of "regularizing a liaison" as a commonplace. She has a fugitive beauty which increasingly attracts the old friend of the Wheaters who has taken on the care of the children. Indeed, he finds it imposed on him when they pursue him to the place where he is bringing his long-cherished love for a widow to a marriage. She loves him, but the Wheater children pull him back. Is he really in love with Judith? Will he lose his older love, or win the child later? These are the questions Mrs. Wharton answers in her story, and all her protagonists win our sympathy. The children, and Judith in particular, are charmingly done.

POINT COUNTER POINT. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

IN this loosely-constructed book Mr. Huxley carries on for 600 pages a brilliantly satirical exposure of the post-war generation, or that part of it which has ceased to believe in morals and grows tired of the excitements of promiscuous adultery—"sleeping around" is, we gather, the phrase of Hollywood. The book opens with a young man living with a woman who has left her husband and is about to have a child. Yet he is torn away to be the slave of another whom he knows to be a selfish "good timer." The big painter of the story is also unashamedly sensual, and the numerous details of the physical side of love which Mr. Huxley prints, though they seem inevitable in the latest literature, add nothing to its attractions. If his men and women are fair samples, things are, indeed, in a bad way. His panorama includes music and biology, but men of science are criticized as non-human. He has made the welcome discovery that the art of life is more difficult and better worth studying than the pursuit of science, literature, or anything else.

His good prophet among the degenerates is one Rampion,

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BRITISH OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS ON THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR. Edited by G. P. GOOCH, D.Litt., F.B.A., and H. TEMPERLEY, Litt., D.F.B. Volume III in the Series deals with the years 1904–1906, and contains a wealth of unpublished secret State documents relating to the Morocco crisis, the Algeciras Conference and Anglo-German relations. Over 20 Minutes by King Edward VII, a memorandum on the Present State of British Relations with France and Germany (January 1, 1907), and Lord Haldane's diary of his visit to Berlin (1906), are included. 10s. 6d. (11s. 3d.)

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MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES. The Royal Commission on National Museums and Galleries is conducting an extensive investigation into the organization, administration, accommodation, finances, etc., of the national collections. An Interim Report containing some strong recommendations of more immediate urgency has been issued. 2s. (2s. 2d.) Memoranda and Minutes of Evidence. 21s. (21s. 9d.)

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who has risen from a cottage to Sheffield University and writing and painting, married a wife above him in rank, and actually sticks to her. Rampion delivers to select friends his views about a better life, which are not too clear, but indicate a return to natural instincts as the way of salvation. A healthy liver is more than the fruits of intellectualism. What have they given us?

> Look at them. The whole of our industrial civilization—that's their fruit. The morning paper, the radio, cinema, all fruits. Tanks and trinitrotoluol; Rockefeller and Mond—fruits again. They're all the result of the systematically organized, professional intellectualism of the last two hundred years.

That the "highbrows" are so guilty of all this as the talker implies is not proved and not easy to believe. At least, in tending to what we may call the lavatory school of fiction, they have added nothing of value that we can see to the contemplation of human life. The present reviewer does not want any more Sadism or Masochism from any author. The kind of amusement which comes from watching the drolleries of monkeys is, perhaps, justified by the snobbery and intellectual hypocrisy of today, and Mr. Huxley's comments are amusing and often witty, though some of his puppets are incredibly disgusting. Rampion gets down to experiences in life which society forgets or ignores. Thus he says:—

> You must have an assured five pounds a week at least, before you can begin to enjoy Barrie. If you're sitting on the bare facts, he's an insult.

MY BROTHER JONATHAN. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

FOUR living characters stand out as exceptional achievements in this fine novel, in which there are indeed no lay figures. These are Mr. Dakers, the futile, selfish, conceited father who swindles his own son to save his home from the brokers and to replenish his wine-cellar; his wife, who, a household drudge by day, comes forth in the evenings in a velvet gown to give recitations from Shakespeare and help Mr. Dakers to keep up the affectation of "cultured ease"; Jonathan, the elder boy, of whom "more anon"; and Craig, a doctor, who is the almost perfect type of the unscrupulous pusher in his profession, hesitating neither at treachery nor slander to blacken the credit of his rivals.

Jonathan Dakers, from childhood to his death in early manhood, sacrifices his chances to his family and its idol, the younger son, and saves the reputation of the girl whom both brothers passionately love, but whose passion is given to the cadet, at the cost of prolonged moral torture for himself.

Apart from a visit to Paris, where Jonathan's innocence and chivalry are wickedly exploited, the scenes are laid in what may be called an Arnold Bennett district, and some readers

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THE LIFE OF SPACE

by MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Authorized translation by Bernard Miall. 6s. These essays deal with the marvels of Time and Space and the Fourth Dimension, with dreams, and the nature of God and Man. They are not in the least technical or "heavy," but written with all M. Maeterlinck's graceful lucidity.

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by Professor J. H. MUIRHEAD. 7s. 6d. The essays of this volume touch on subjects as varied as "The Spirit of Man," "The Scot Abroad," "Religion," and include an answer to the question, "What is Philosophy, anyway?"

FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS OF LIFE

by Professor J. S. MACKENZIE, author of "Elements of Constructive Philosophy," etc. 12s. 6d. An Essay on Citizenship as Pursuit of Values.

will find added pleasure in contrasting the treatment of those sooty streets and fields by the two novelists.

The atmosphere of a great part of the novel is redolent with disinfectants, and we are admitted to the operations and the consulting room where Jonathan is exercising his profession in circumstances that crucially test his nerve. W. H. H.

YOUTH RIDES OUT. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

MRS. SEYMOUR'S new book carries on her project of analysing the relationship emotional and economic between the sexes. Here we have the earlier life of Lindsay up to the meeting with Tony as she comes in from the story of "Three Wives"—of Lindsay the uncompromising. Prig or idealist? It is difficult to decide. The book forms a companion piece to the Tony-Theo situation. Tony would not let Theo, her rich husband, keep her, but insisted on her job and economic independence; Lindsay will not let his rich wife, Camilla, keep him, but insists on his job and economic independence. Thus stated abstractly, the solution sounds idealistic; but idealism so easily becomes fanaticism and fanaticism injustice and tyranny, if it "have

not charity." This instance has the great objection that it puts far too great a stress on money values. That stress occasionally proves too much for the verisimilitude of Mrs. Seymour's story: given the love of Lindsay and Camilla, it is difficult to believe they would not have found an intelligent compromise, and we grow to suspect the author of arranging the events too arbitrarily for the sake of her theme. The summary disposal of Camilla causes the story to sag whilst we change our interest from her to the incoming Tony.

These strictures only suggest themselves, however, when we are out of reach of the author's lively narrative. Indeed, it is because Camilla is alive that we want to quarrel with her creator as to how she acted, and because Lindsay is real that we desire to question his fanaticism. All of which is to say that Mrs. Seymour has again given us a provocative book, which must be read if only for that running comment upon contemporary manners and institutions which characterizes her writing, and for the vitality of her personality which it evidences.

DECLINE AND FALL: AN ILLUSTRATED NOVETTE. By EVELYN WAUGH. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

WRITERS ought to have a literary lark, let themselves go in a wild, irresponsible story, as Stevenson did. This is Mr. Waugh's fantastic lark, in which the hero, a smug at Oxford, is sent down after a gay night, loses thus the money a guardian controls for him, and proceeds to figure in a wild Welsh school. He leaves it for surprising reversals of fortune. We regret the seriousness of his last transformation, which does not fit in with the story; but the comedy of his progress is quite amusing and his early colleagues are ingeniously kept whirling around him in his film-like adventures. The hopeless school, where the boys and masters are equally slack in work and sport, is delightfully done, and there is genuine satire and social criticism in the author's comments. Perhaps a slight foil of decent, normal people would have added to the effectiveness of his cranks and wasters.

However, an Oxford bursar who says, "Oh, my!" at the beginning warns us that we are in a world of fantasy.

MEN OF LETTERS

THE COLLECTED LETTERS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH Edited by KATHARINE C. BALDERSTON. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

THOUGH Goldsmith's happy-go-lucky and improvident career is clear in the main, several details of it remain obscure. He wrote in a letter of 1758:

> There will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live a couple of hundred years longer only to see the day—when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text.

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CELTIC BARDS, CHIEFS AND KINGS.

By GEORGE BORROW. Edited by HERBERT G. WRIGHT. The book, which was advertised in Borrow's lifetime, but never published, seemed to have vanished. It deals with the old bards and also with later Welsh writers, giving a vivid account of their lives and achievements. 12s. net.

CRIME. The Autobiography of a Crook.

By EDDIE GUERIN. *It can't pay* is the moral of this remarkable life story. In the world of crime no one has had a more sensational career nor a wider international reputation than Guerin, and now in his old age, "down and out," he looks back on his past life, and there is nothing to show for it. Illustrated. 12s. net.

ETON AND ELSEWHERE.

By M. D. HILL, M.A.Oxon. Mr. Hill writes from long and intimate experience both as a boy and as master at Eton College, and he has many good stories to tell. His love for the place does not blind him to certain faults in the system, and he has frank and pointed criticisms to offer. Illustrated. 12s. net.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W.1.

Now, in the bicentenary year of his birth, this is what Dr. Balderston has done. She has printed letters, mostly from the collection of Miss Constance Meade, a descendant of Bishop Percy, which throw new light on Goldsmith's life, and has annotated them with judicious care. The letters are, in some cases, mere scraps, but personal passages previously suppressed are included, and, as a whole, they are enlightening. They reveal, too, the easy humour which was the making of Goldsmith's best work, and often, as the notes tell us, their phrases have been repeated in the essays. Goldsmith's range was restricted and he made the most of his literary capital. For his mother, a frugal, sparing person, he had no warm feeling, and out of his family—rather trying, it must be admitted—he selected some for affection. He always talked of returning to Ireland, but never did, though he found time to go to France with his favourites the Hornecks. His loss of the post at Coromandel is now shown to be due not, like other failures, to his own fault, but to the intervention of war in India. Dr. Balderston is a skilful investigator who misses little. A letter written from London speaks of climbing "Flamstead Hill." Is it not possible that the "Fl" has been misread, and is "H," so that Hampstead is meant? Goldsmith's spelling

is often faulty, and the failing seems to run through the family. Johnson tells us in a letter that he "took an airing to Hampstead."

THE LAST TWELVE YEARS OF JOSEPH CONRAD. By RICHARD CURLE. Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.

MR. CURLE knew Conrad very well in his latter days and has given us a really intimate view of a striking personality, though more records of actual conversation and more reference to other friends might have made the picture clearer. Many have heard of the restless figure to whom his work was an agony, easily spoilt by the intrusion of a friend or some untoward interruption. This nervousness had been a feature of Conrad's mental make-up for many years, and he was capable of sudden rages which mastered him. Less known is the fine quality of his loyalty to his friends, the way in which he felt their distresses and aided them with his help and sympathy. He was not spoilt by the prosperity which came from the long-delayed recognition of his books. These characteristics, which happily endorsed his manner of a *grand seigneur*, are great things. His "wonderful way of accommodating his conversation to his neighbours" is common among many who possess no hero-worshipper to record their qualities. We think his style is over-praised and should not care to hear his views on Shakespeare.

Altogether, this book is genuinely picturesque, as Mr. Curle claims, and discloses a friendship which is delightful in its wise understanding.

THE MEMOIRS OF J. M. DENT, 1849-1926. With some additions by HUGH R. DENT. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THIS record of a successful life, written for a few intimates, was well worth publishing and is decidedly effective, though it lacks the ironic touches common in men of letters. It is a story of indomitable enthusiasm and triumph over great difficulties. The early and narrow days at Darlington make particularly interesting reading. Mr. Dent was the tenth son of poor parents, and a desultory, dreamy youth with a passion for the theatre. But later he showed all the Yorkshireman's energy and resolution, getting out of bookbinding into publishing and often pulling through when failure seemed certain. He was helped by friends who believed in him, and from the "Temple Library" to "Everyman" he did a great deal to improve the form of books and enlarge the culture of the average reader. His zeal for Italy, when he was able to see it, bore fruit in many books. He read keenly in early days, discovering Scott and appreciating Boswell. Johnson, however, became an acknowledged leader by virtue of character rather than the scholarship he mentions.

The notices of men of letters are entertaining, and probably,

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as Mr. Dent judged, the queerest of them was William Macdonald, whose crippled form went with a strong belief in himself and a gift for Scottish dialectic. The important dispute about Lamb's "Letters" is rightly dealt with in detail. The additional notes are well done. They indicate that Mr. Dent was not always easy to work with and "felt he ought to be indulged as a purveyor of wisdom, and literature its vehicle, in a difficult world." He certainly succeeded in gathering round him an admirable body of workers, among whom we are glad to see mentioned the indefatigable Miss Edwardes.

An index should have been added.

BIOGRAPHIES

MONTROSE. By JOHN BUCHAN. Nelson. 21s.

SINCE Mr. Buchan published a monograph on Montrose fifteen years ago he has collected more material, and the results of this fresh information and further study are seen in this highly competent and frequently eloquent book. Whatever the reader's political or religious predilections, whether he lean towards Covenantors or Cavaliers, he will probably agree that the evidence produced by Mr. Buchan who continually indicates his authorities, enables anyone with a judicial sense to understand the nature and conduct of the man whom the author describes as "the foremost Scottish man of action." The appreciation of Montrose by conventional minds is complicated by the fact that, although his fame rests on his heroic attempts to support Charles I and Charles II, he had been in open rebellion against the father and was destroyed by men who professed allegiance to the son.

Moreover, true and high-principled as he proved himself at every period of his career—from the day when, as a boy of seventeen, he made a love-match, approved by both families, with Lord Carnegie's daughter Magdalen, till the day when, through the vile treachery of "one of Assynt's name," he was hung in

Edinburgh by men who had long thirsted to destroy him—he had one dreadful blot upon his fame. Mr. Buchan says of the massacre of Irish women and children after the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh in 1645, that there is no evidence of Montrose's Irish troops having ever "murdered in cold blood prisoners who surrendered after an action." Yet he accepts the evidence that when, in the year before, those troops had broken into the streets of Aberdeen, "unarmed citizens were butchered, women were violated and slain or carried into captivity, and death did not spare the very old and the very young." That three days' orgy was the result of a rash promise, made by Montrose to the commander of the Irish (under very great provocation from the leaders of the Aberdeen defenders), which, "faithlessly faithful," he kept at the price of a crime against humanity. It was a terrible lesson to him, and he never was caught in such a trap of misguided "honour" again.

One fact clearly shown in this fine book is that Montrose was no believer in Divine Right. As the author puts it, he shows himself "willing to accept any form of government, provided it fulfils the requirements which are indispensable in all Governments." A reproduction of Honthorst's beautiful portrait of Montrose, painted about 1649 at the desire of Elizabeth of Bohemia, many battle-plans, ample annotations, and a good index, complete the attractions of the book.

MARY ANNE DISRAELI: THE STORY OF VISCOUNTESS BEACONSFIELD. By JAMES SYKES. With a Foreword by A. G. GARDINER. Benn. 10s. 6d.

MR. SYKES has got hold of a very human subject in Disraeli's wife. A widow twelve years older than he, a figure of fun about whom many unkind and some untrue stories were told, she may have been ridiculous in some ways, as Johnson's wife was. But she was and remained the perfect wife. It is an ideal which may seem strange to the young woman of today, but which outweighs all faults and foibles. The familiar story of the fingers trapped in the carriage door, and the pain concealed because it might upset Dizzy and spoil a speech he was due to make, is one of which any woman might be proud. Those who did not understand what he saw in her did not know what gratitude was, as he once replied to a sneerer. He made her a viscountess in her old age, and nothing is more notable than the courage with which she met a mortal illness. Disraeli was, as Mr. Gardiner puts it, a "romantic ironist," with a habit of easy exaggeration for all sentimental occasions which makes it difficult to discover his real thoughts. She understood him well, as a paper quoted by Mr. Sykes shows, which contrasts his qualities and hers. She always spoke out what she thought, and, if she was stingy in household matters and so annoyed High Wycombe, Disraeli was hopelessly

extravagant. When Mrs. Willyams came to adore him, she became the friend of the pair.

Mr. Sykes shows that, as a matter of fact, Mary Anne was not so much beneath her husband as busy gossip suggested, though in her vivacious volubility she may have dwelt on her early hardships. In her young days she was pretty in the style of Queen Victoria and, being vain, kept up oddly fine dressing in old age. But one thing certainly emerges from the comments of contemporaries—admiration for her pluck and the unselfish heroism which made her the best of wives.

The book is very well written, a most agreeable and well-deserved tribute to a remarkable woman. It fills a real gap, which is more than we can say of most modern monographs.

POETRY

THE ETERNAL VIGIL AND OTHER POEMS. By HENEAGE WYNNE FINCH. Hatchards. 3s. 6d.

THE first charm of Mr. Finch's poems is that there is no feeling of the professional poet nursing a method and parodying his own successes when inspiration fails. His variety of mood yields a variety of manner. Now it will be serious thought on a high theme as in " The Eternal Vigil " :

> Ah, pity then the Gods! Since dawn of Time
> They may not sleep nor dream.
> The labyrinth of their own immensity
> They tread for ever, and they may not die.

Now it will be a child poem, a Nature poem, a ballad. In each mood there is sincerity and a fitness of metre to idea which is the mark of the artist; and there is always enough thought to bear the weight of the poem. At times, as in " The Hour Glass," Mr. Finch carries his work to deeps of philosophic truth lying unsuspected beneath the ease of his manner. " Fairlight Glen, Dawn " is spoiled by that self-consciousness in face of Nature which is always in wait to trap the Nature poet, and this danger is one of which Mr. Finch must beware. Happily he can usually remain objective; and his poetry has that intellectual awareness which seeks the right descriptive word and so makes us know Nature through him, and not him through Nature.

HIGH ROAD AND LONNING. By JOHN HELSTON. Philip Allan. 2s. 6d.

TIME IMPORTUNED. By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. Chatto and Windus. 5s.

MR. JOHN HELSTON, the appearance of whose " Aphrodite at Leatherhead " in THE ENGLISH REVIEW some sixteen years ago created so much interest, has never given what we expected of him. This new volume of place poems, breathing still that love of English ground which has always marked his verse, nevertheless tends to disappoint us. He claims no more for them than to be " rhymes of a cyclist " ; charming as they are and unfailingly

lyric, we demand more than that of the man who wrote a great narrative poem. But one would not be surprised if this age, which prefers paragraphs to essays, has given Mr. Helston no chance to demonstrate his best.

"Time Importuned" is a volume of novelist's poems. Miss Warner twists the human emotions, incidents, and landscape into that pattern of language which we know in her novels. Strangely there is a kind of coldness about her poetry. It comes most to life when she talks of trees, as though she drew her real inspiration from them. Beauty, however, there is in every piece and the calm deliberation of art. Dare we ask for more than that?

GENERAL

THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE. By the HON. EMILY EDEN. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. (The Rescue Series.) 7s. 6d.

EMILY EDEN has been compared with Jane Austen, but the comparison seems little to the point. Miss Austen, viewing the world about her with a gently critical detachment, gives to what she sees an enduring reality; Miss Eden, on the other hand, from her more exalted social perch, surveys her riverside suburb with a commendably observant eye, but it is the eye of a lady of quality serenely conscious of her class, and what it beholds, uncritically, is an ideal world where the nobly born are *ipso facto* noble and act accordingly, and the poor are the poor, and are grateful, in the manner of Sir Walter Vivian's tenants in Tennyson.

The book is an attractively bright facet of Victorianism, wrought with liveliness and zest, informed with a Dickens-like glow of human kindness, and extraordinarily well worth "rescuing."

Mr. Anthony Eden contributes an excellent introduction.

HELLAS THE FORERUNNER. By H. W. HOUSEHOLD. Vol. II.—THE GLORY FADES. Dent. 3s. 6d.

THIS volume completes a capital book about Greece for the average reader who knows nothing of Greek. Mr. Household is very readable, and having been generously treated by holders of copyrights, is able to use good translations of the actual words of Thucydides, Plato, and Aristophanes to bring his narrative straight into the heart of things. The funeral speech of Pericles and Plato's account of the death of Socrates are both incomparable in their way. He has also profited by the comments of leading Grecians, such as Prof. Murray, and quotes from modern poetry. At the end he has a vision of North America, "as quick-witted and versatile as the Fenians," carrying forward the torch of civilization when England is only a place of pious pilgrimage. A pleasing dream, but if it is to come true, America's dominant ideas must undergo a great change.